YANK

THE ARMY

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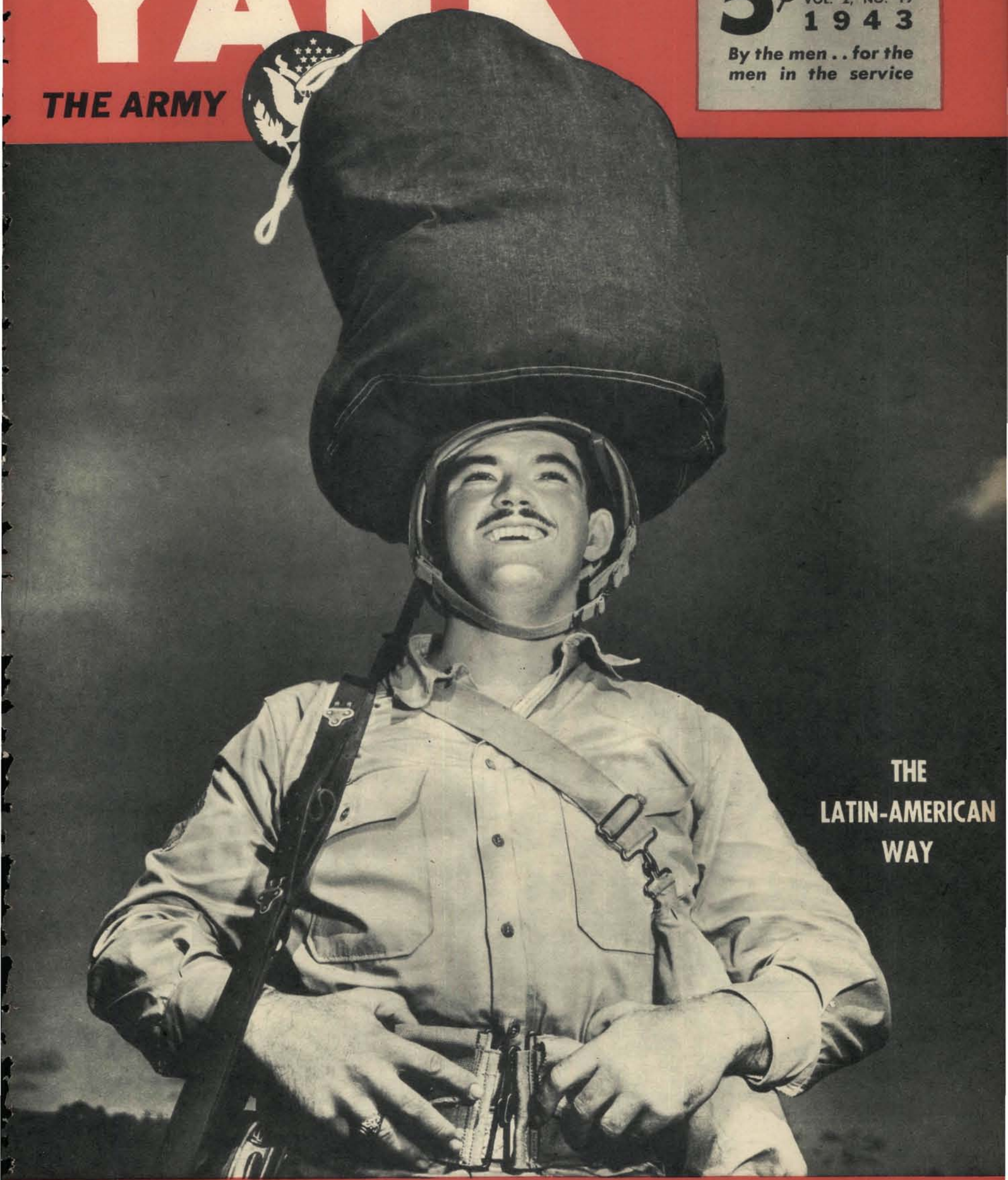
By the men . . for the men in the service



THE LATIN-AMERICAN WAY

A Liberator Looks for Trouble Near Rabaul

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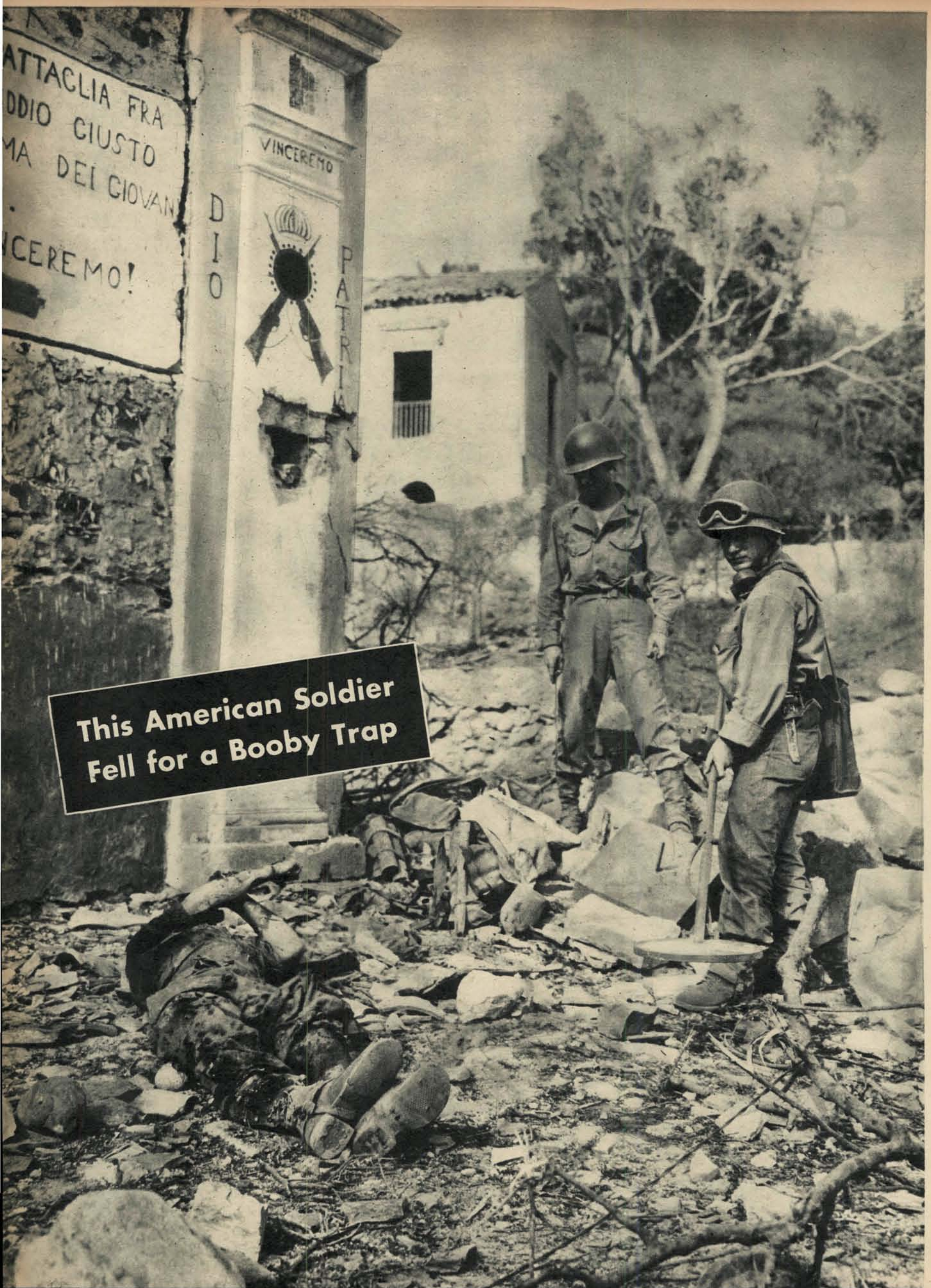

This American Soldier Fell for a Booby Trap

WHEN THE TRAP IN SICILY EXPLODED, HE DIED UNDER A FASCIST SIGN PROCLAIMING "WE WILL WIN."

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He's pointing the way.

D TO TOKYO

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

ON THE ROAD TO TOKYO—All that separated the bulldozer from Burma soil was a red-white-and-blue ribbon. Over on the Burma side, a company of U. S. Negro engineers stood in formation in the deepening twilight. A cold rain spattered the American flag planted on the dividing line between India and Burma.

When the 12-foot blade of the big D-7 sheared the tri-colored ribbon, Lt. Col. Ferdinand J. Tate's .45 blasted out a salute. The bugler sounded off with "To the Colors" and officers and men saluted their flag—on Burma soil 3,800 feet above sea level. "The Road to Tokyo" had passed its first international boundary.

That brief military ceremony marked the completion of the first phase of an engineering feat that rivals the Alaska Military Highway as the war's outstanding construction job. Carved out of the mountainous jungles of India and Burma, "The Road to Tokyo" may become the new supply line to China. Along the road may travel the weapons, materials and men for the coming United Nations' all-out offensive in Burma and China.

Starting in the Assam jungles in northeastern India, "The Road to Tokyo" twists up and over the foothills of the Himalaya mountains to its first international boundary on the Burma border. Plans call for it to continue on across many more miles of mountains and jungles to meet the old Burma Road, still in Japanese possession. Much of the area between the Burma

Pushing this important supply route through hostile Burma, American Army Engineers are building, for the first time in history, a big highway under constant danger of enemy attack.

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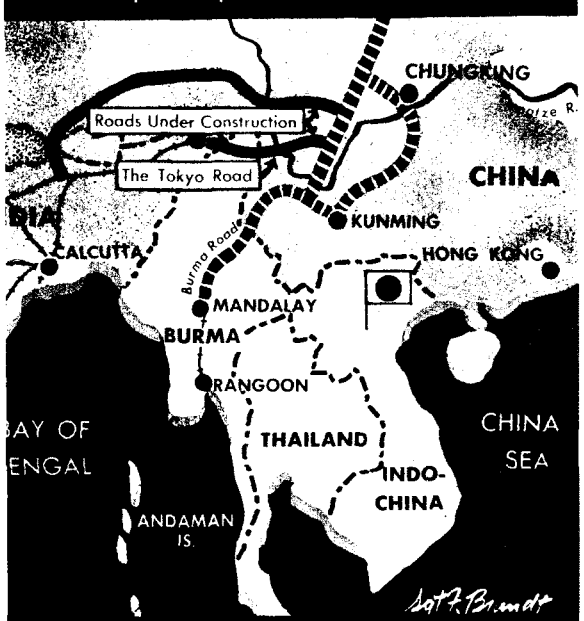
In case Japanese planes should come over.



Map locates two roads (under construction) connecting India with the Burma Road. The "Tokyo Road" is the short route through Burma.

Chaplain Harrington gives his Sunday sermon.

border and the Burma Road is also in enemy hands. Chinese, British and American troops must drive back the Japs before a junction of "The Road to Tokyo" with the old Burma Road can be effected.

Officially, the new military highway from India to China is not known as "The Road to Tokyo." That's just what it was christened by the hard-working Negro engineer regiments that hewed it out of solid rock-masses 100 yards long and carried it up over mountain ranges that rise as much as 1,000 feet in two miles. But the soldiers who built the road figured they had the right to name it. So it's "The Road to Tokyo" and they've posted signs bearing the name.

Unlike the Alaska Military Highway, which was worked by crews operating from both ends, "The Road to Tokyo" is moving in only one direction. The operator on the lead bulldozer thrashes his way through the forest wilderness knowing that nobody is coming from the other end to meet him. At least, nobody friendly. Maybe someday he will uproot a few trees and uncover a Japanese patrol party. Advance surveying parties have met Jap patrols deep in the Burma jungles and a stray enemy group may at any time swoop down on the American engineers working "The Point," or roadhead.

An enemy force of 200 was beaten off recently by Chinese troops attempting a reconnaissance in the muddy, jungle country through which the new road runs. The Chinese soldiers, veterans of the 1942 Burma campaign, had been rehabilitated and trained at a Chinese-American center in India. They had been guarding the approaches to the new road for several months and had engaged in a half-dozen minor patrol skirmishes, but this was their heaviest action to date. Led by Lt. L. J. Ten Sun, a graduate of Virginia Military Institute, the Chinese fought back the attacking force and hammered its communication lines during the withdrawal.

Because of the ever-present threat of enemy attack, all U.S. troops working on the new road keep their guns within reach at all times. Jap air raids are another constant possibility.

Maj. Gen. Raymond Wheeler, commanding officer of the Tokyo highway project, tells an amusing story of the danger of his men meeting Jap patrols.

Two jack-hammer operators were working all alone up near "The Point." One mentioned the latest latrine rumor on how close the Japs were and asked what two lone American soldiers could do if they were suddenly jumped by an enemy patrol party. He wanted to know what his buddy would do against such odds.

"Well," the second soldier replied calmly, "I'd keep shootin' until all my bullets was used up. Then I'd pull out my razor and cut my way out."

Oddly enough, a battalion of aviation engineers cut the original track through the dense mountainous jungles of this part of India and Burma. Brought in to construct U.S. airfields in Assam, the Air Corps engineers were pressed into service as road builders after they had finished their original assignment of building runways and dispersal areas.

UNDER the direction of Col. Tate, a 28-year-old officer from Eunice, La., the aviation engineers undertook their new duties on Dec. 12, 1942. The road had just been started by the British Army with Indian labor when the Yanks took over. A few months later it was cut through to the Burma border.

Orders from Gen. Wheeler called for the road to cross the India-Burma border not later than March 1, 1943. A lot of experts said it could never be done in that time. They pointed out that the crossing would have to be made at a point 3,800 feet up in the mountains, with a rise of 1,000 feet in the last two miles. The entire route was blocked by trees 150 feet high and 45 feet in diameter, and by huge boulders that had to be blasted by dynamite before the bulldozers could go into action.

But Gen. Wheeler had said that "in time of war, there is no such thing as a difficult job." The Negro soldiers in the aviation engineers battalion proved his point. When the lead bulldozer sheared the red-white-and-blue ribbon stretched across the borderline, it was exactly 5:06 P.M. on Feb. 28, 1943.

Three companies of the battalion spearheaded the drive that carried the road into Burma. A Company cleared the "Point," cutting a road wide enough for heavy Army vehicles. Soldiers of B Company did the drainage work, installing pipes up to six feet in diameter to carry off the monsoon rains into the huge ravines that line the winding mountain road. C Company widened, backfilled and graded the road.

It was a round-the-clock job, seven days a week, up on "The Point." At night drivers pushed their bulldozers into rock and dirt, always in danger of rolling too close to the edge of cliffs that dropped off into 500 feet of nothingness. In the weird glow of light cast by smudge pots, torches made from gasoline-saturated bamboo or flaming 5-gallon fuel-oil cans, soldiers from Pennsylvania and North Carolina, Ohio and Texas kept the road rolling on to Tokyo.

They encountered one of the toughest spots just west of the India-Burma borderline. A 100-yard formation of solid rock along an almost vertical cliff stopped the lead bulldozer cold. The 16-ton D-7 couldn't even get a bite in the cliff. So the air-line hose and jack hammers were put on the job, cutting eight-foot holes in the rock for charges of dynamite that would blast man-made ledges for the bulldozer to follow through. When the D-7 swept the huge boulders over the side, the men waited to hear them crash in the valley below. But no sound came back. They were too high up to hear it.

ONE portion of the new road into Burma follows the same tortuous mountain trail that British, Indian and Burmese refugees trekked across in the spring of 1942 to escape from the Japanese. Many of the refugees were too weak to continue on to India and at several points along that stretch of road the U.S. engineers found human skeletons. Beside one crudely-made *basha*, or native hut, were the remains of a man, woman and two children. Apparently an entire family had stopped to rest and had never moved on again.

"The Road to Tokyo" is probably the most extensive road-building project that the U.S. Army Engineers have tackled under constant danger of enemy attack. But man-made opposition has not been their only problem here. Almost equally dangerous foes have been natural ones—monsoon rains, tropical temperatures that rise to 140 degrees, malarial mosquitoes, blood-sucking leeches and *dimdam* flies.

As was expected, the 4-month monsoon rains slowed up construction work. Slides and cave-ins kept the road maintenance crews on 24-hour duty. But the supplies to the boys up on "The Point" still went through every day, thanks to a fleet of jeep trailers which had been assembled for these emergencies. The jeeps, hauling small trailers filled with supplies, navigated stretches of road that stymied larger vehicles.

During the rush to reach the India-Burma border by March 1, Col. Tate issued an order forbidding vehicles not needed for work from going up to "The Point." Recon cars and even jeeps often got stuck in the mud and had to be hauled out with tractors and graders. So Pvt. Norris Humphrey of East Point, Ga., was posted at the roadside to enforce the "Off Limits" edict.

Lt. Millard O. Peirce Jr. of Burlington, N.J., relayed Tate's order to Pvt. Humphrey, emphasizing that "nobody, not even a general, is to get through." As luck would have it, Gen. Wheeler—who hadn't been up to "The Point" for several days—chose that day to make an inspection.

When the general's jeep approached the forbidden strip of road, it was promptly halted by Humphrey. With a loaded Garand to back his story, Humphrey courteously informed the general that his jeep could go no further. Somewhat startled by Humphrey's curt pronouncement, the CG of "The Road to Tokyo" project asked the soldier if he knew who he was talking to.

"Yessir, General, sir," the out-ranked but determined Humphrey replied. "You're Gen. Wheeler but my orders says nobody's car, not

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Chinese troops on their way to a jungle camp pass a group of American Negro soldiers working on the Road. Chinese recently beat off an attack by 200 Japs.

even a general's, gets by here today. And nobody's does."

Nobody's car—not even a somebody's with two stars on his shoulder—did. The general got out of the jeep, told his driver to wait, commended Pvt. Humphrey for carrying out his orders, and started walking through ankle-deep mud to "The Point" two miles ahead.

That determination of Pvt. Humphrey to carry out his orders is typical of the Negro soldiers who are building "The Road to Tokyo." They're doing a tough job with a maximum of effort and a minimum of complaints. They don't begrudge the toil and sweat they're putting into it: they know that some day they're going to get a return on their investment.

What that return will be was aptly expressed by T-5 Peter C. Clark of St. Louis, Mo., assistant to Chaplain Robert F. Harrington, 30-year-old Negro Methodist minister from Aiken, S.C. Clark drives the GI weapons-carrier which Chaplain Harrington uses to visit the various Negro units along the road for Sunday services. He puts it this way:

"This here road reminds me of that Road to Hell that Chaplain Harrington's always talking about. Only thing is the Chaplain says the Road to Hell is paved with good intentions. But this here Road to Tokyo ain't paved with good intentions. This here road is paved with our bad intentions. Millions of 'em. And every one stands for one dead Jap."

Cpl. Phil Proctor, Mitchellville, Md., and Capt. John Callan, Bronx, N. Y., sink dynamite charge.

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PFC. DON BELLMORE, FORMER FACTORY WORKER FROM CLINTON, MICH., DRAWS A BEAD FROM HIS NOSE TURRET AND SQUEEZES HIS TRIGGER FOR A LONG BURST.

The crew looks over an aerial photo of the Jap freighter that escaped their bombs when some Jap Zeros interfered. Front row (l. to r.): Pfc. Bellmore, Lt. Spencer, Lt. Haag, T/Sgt. Nilsson and S/Sgt. Weisberger; back row: S/Sgt. Brown, Lt. Johnston, T/Sgt. Dow, Lt. Vickery and S/Sgt. Nesevitch. Satan's Sister was not the bomber they used on this mission.

A B-24 LOOKS FOR TROUBLE

And finds plenty of it trying to bomb a Japanese ship in the sea near Rabaul.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

IN A B-24 OVER THE SOLOMONS SEA—I've wound up in plenty of strange places after beer parties back home, but none half so strange as the spot I'm in this afternoon, after my first New Guinea beer party last night.

It all started when Sgt. Buell Rolens of Murphysboro, Ill., public relations man for a U. S. heavy-bombardment outfit in New Guinea, asked me to the opening of his outfit's EM club.

At the party, first time most of us had tasted anything stronger than chlorinated water during our several months in New Guinea, the talk turned inevitably to bomber missions. Someone asked why I had never gone on a mission for a YANK story. "Every correspondent from Cairo to the Aleutians seems to have written eyewitness bomber-mission stories," I replied. "I want to do something different."

"If it's action you want," Rolens suggested, "why not go out on an armed reconnaissance. Fly in a bomber that goes deep into Jap territory all by itself, just looking for trouble. There's one tomorrow if you want to go."

After another beer I said I would. "And if you don't come back," said Rolens, "can I have your typewriter?"

So now I'm on that reconnaissance in a B-24 droning over the Solomons Sea toward New Britain, New Ireland and points east. We reach the coast of New Britain and skirt it for about an hour, meanwhile downing a lunch of oranges, canned tomato juice, cheese and dog biscuits. As we swing over St. George's Channel near Rabaul, we spot a tiny dot in the water off the Cape.

Lt. F. E. Haag, our pilot, a former Rutgers University student from Pelham, N. Y., changes course and descends to identify the vessel. It's a 4,500-ton Jap freighter transport heading north. Now Lt. William H. Spencer Jr., ex-telephone man from Roanoke, Va., takes over command of the bomber from his bombardier's perch. We make a bomb run at medium altitude.

Two bright yellow demolition bombs tumble out of the bomb racks. Beside me S/Sgt. Mike Nesevitch, former coal operator from Olyphant, Pa., keeps his aerial camera clicking. The bombs describe a graceful, lazy curve as the ship below swerves sharply to the right.

The bombs hit the water about 100 yards from the freighter. Lt. Spencer had figured the ship would turn the other way.

"Let's try it again," Lt. Spencer hollers over the interphone. We wheel over the Cape lighthouse to make another run. Only now do we notice white puffs of ack-ack blossoming all around us. And only now do we spot another freighter, just as big, going south in the channel. Up from the second ship come two floatplanes, a biplane and a Zero with pontons.

A hand grabs my shoulder. I turn to find S/Sgt. R. D. Brown, former cleaner and presser from Rusk, Tex., our assistant radioman, pointing out the left waist window. There, slightly below and to our left, are eight Jap planes with flaming red circles on their dirty tan wings. Four of them are Zeros, the others twin-engined bombers. Evidently they are returning from a bombing mission in the Solomons.

Lt. Haag guns the four motors on our big plane and banks it southward, toward a far-off cloud bank. The bombers and floatplanes disappear. But the Zeros climb toward us. Everyone clambers to his machine guns.

Back in the rear turret S/Sgt. A. F. Weisberger, ex-sawmill worker from Rio Linda, Calif., gets in the opening burst. Soon most of the guns on our big bomber are chattering away. The Zeros split up and close in from two sides. They dart as swiftly and effortlessly as flies.

Nesevitch yells at me above the din, motioning me to his side at the right waist window. His cartridge belt has jumped its guide, silencing the gun. He yells for me to pull the end of the belt through the receiver slot as he works the belt entirely clear of the guide.

There's a Zero riding alongside us—ready to wing over and make a pass. If the Zero makes its stab right now, Sgt. Rolens will be the new owner of my battered Remington portable. But

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we fix the gun. Nesevitch blazes away at the Jap, who noses up to escape the tracers.

Then the Zero rolls over and curves in toward our nose. It races toward our bomber at 12 o'clock—a head-on pass. Pfc. Don Bellmore, former factory worker from Clinton, Mich., draws a bead from his nose turret and squeezes his trigger for a long burst. At the same time T/Sgt. Edgar F. Dow, ex-rayon maker from Lumberton, N. C., draws a bead from the top turret.

Tracers from their guns converge on the hurtling Zero. It falters a split second, then dives under our right wing to vanish in clouds below.

Now there's one Zero to the right of us, just beyond range, and two to the left. They ride along beside us for several minutes, eyeing us like three hungry hawks ready to pounce on a plump chicken. Short bursts of our guns keep them at a safe distance.

"Don't waste bullets, fellas," drawls Lt. D. P. Johnston, the co-pilot, over the interphone. He used to be an ornamental-iron designer in Memphis, Tenn. "This heah looks like it's gonna be a long fight."

Suddenly tracer bullets streak by from in front of our plane. A second Zero is making a 1 o'clock pass—coming in from almost dead ahead. Dow and Bellmore in the top and nose turrets blaze away. The Zero rolls off to the right of our plane, exposing its belly as it stands on its right wing in a sharp turn. The tracers from our top and nose turrets seem to go right through the Japs during this maneuver. The plane dives out of range, wriggling queerly. Before we can see whether it ever comes out of that dive, the Zero passes into a fleecy cloud. We score a probable.

"Look out—10 o'clock pass!" yells Lt. Haag over the interphone. A third Zero flicks in with smoking guns from slightly below and in front of us. None of our guns can follow its lightning-quick course. But the Zero never reaches our level, diving away instead. I pull the belly gun triggers. It zips right through the tracers.

The last Zero flips up in a tight Immelman turn and leaves us without attempting a pass. Now everything is silent except for the roar of our four engines. We are at last alone in the sunny, cloud-flecked sky. The running fight has lasted 12 minutes.

Over the interphone comes Lt. Johnston's Memphis drawl: "Anybody hurt?" Nobody is. "I think we took a few bullets in the nose," he says. We light up cigarettes, grin at each other and trade comments on the fight.

Ah, I think, now back to New Guinea. I was shivering under my fleece-lined jacket before the fight, but now I'm sweating. I get all the action a guy could ask for and still live to write in YANK about it. But wait a minute. Lt. Haag's voice comes over the interphone. "We'll use up our other bombs on Salamaua," he says. My heart sinks. Migawd, hasn't he had enough for one day? Rolens will get my typewriter yet.

We fly 500 miles down to the Huon Gulf. There is a sunken freighter seaward of Lae's airstrip and Salamaua lies bomb-pocked along the narrow neck of a fat peninsula. We come in for a bombing run as the bomb-bay doors grind open. Black puffs of ack-ack surround us and some of the stuff hits. It sounds like pebbles being thrown against a tin roof. The plane lurches and reels. Our last yellow bombs angle down toward some buildings near Salamaua's ruined air strip.

We plunge into big storm clouds and thread our way through the towering Owen Stanley peaks. It is dusk as we set down gently on our home field. In the nine hours we've been away we've covered more than 1,500 miles. Now the crew admits this was the first time they've been jumped by the Japs in their 11 bombing missions.

"We had a feelin' we'd get jumped when you came along with us," says Lt. Clyde W. Vickery, ex-banker from Atlanta, Ga., our navigator. "They say women are bad luck to have on ships. Well, correspondents always seem to bring plenty of action when they go on missions."

T/Sgt. Roy I. Nilsson, former insurance underwriter from Chicago, our radioman, tells us surprising news. "Operations has been sweating us out," he grins. "They thought we were missing after I radioed we were being jumped and then we took so long getting back."

At this point I head for the nearest telephone. I want to tell Rolens that he'll have to wait until I go on another mission before he can have my Remington portable.

What's your problem?

Refunds on Taxes

Dear YANK:

After I entered the Army in January 1943, my wife, who is very punctual about discharging obligations, went ahead and paid my 1942 income tax, which amounted to a little over $100. Now I see by your article that this tax will be forgiven, as it was on earned income only. Is there any way to get a refund for those taxes she paid, or is it just too bad that she was so punctual?

Drew Field, Fla. —Cpl. E. RIEGELS

■ If your income for 1943 is from your Army pay only, you'll get a refund. Here's how it works: Under the Current Tax Payment Act of 1943, all amounts paid on 1942 income-tax returns are held for 1943 taxes. The date on which the 1942 tax liability will be finally discharged has been set by the act as Sept. 1, 1943. If your entire income on which the 1942 return was based consisted of earned income, or if your net income for the year was $3,000 or less, your 1942 tax liability will be forgiven 100 percent. Since the 1943 tax cannot be definitely determined until after the close of the taxable year, refunds of any amounts constituting overpayments cannot be made until after that time. When on March 15, 1944, your total tax liability as of that date has been determined and discharged, amounts paid that are in excess of the amount due will be refunded automatically. If you don't get the refund in a reasonable time after March 15, 1944, write to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, Washington, D. C., giving them all the particulars of your case.

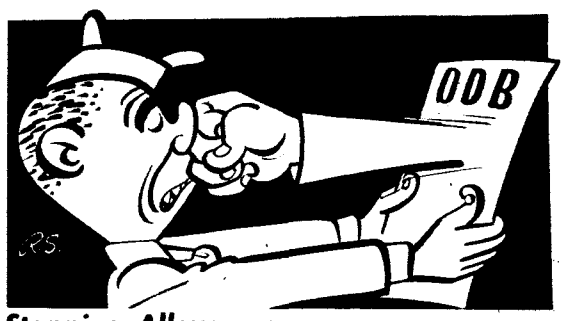
How to Prove Dependency

Dear YANK:

Before my induction I was living at home with my father and sharing living expenses with him. I applied for a Family Allowance but was told that I would have to prove that my father was dependent on me for a "substantial portion of his support." How can I prove that I contributed substantially to his support?

Fort Benning, Ga. —Cpl. STANLEY M. FRIEDMAN

■ When you file an application for a Family Allowance you should submit affidavits from at least two reputable persons stating (1) the amount of money you contributed to your father's support before you entered the Army and (2) your father's present financial condition. On the basis of these statements the Office of Dependency Benefits will determine whether a Family Allowance may be authorized. In the meantime, if you want to send some of your pay to your father each month, you should fill out WD AGO Form No. 29 for a Class E allotment of pay. Ask your topkick for the proper forms.



Stopping Allowances

Dear YANK:

In a June issue you gave a few questions and answers by an official of the Office of Dependency Benefits. One of them gave me a punch in the face.

Q. Can your relative apply (for a Family Allowance) or must the soldier do it himself?

A. Class A allowances can be applied for by the relatives or by the soldier. Class B allowances can be applied for by soldiers or relatives, *but the soldier must give his consent before a deduction is made.*

My mother took out a Class B allowance, and I sure did not give my consent. At no time was I the support of anyone. Why can't the soldier be notified by the ODB when the allowance is approved so he knows where he stands? As for having a Class B discontinued, it's out—too much red tape.

Australia —Pvt. THEODORE SIEKERT

■ ODB's answer was correct but incomplete. If a soldier is stationed within the continental limits of the U. S., a Class B allowance will not be authorized without his consent, although his dependents may file applications. If a soldier is stationed outside the continental limits of the U. S., an application for his Class B dependents will be handled in the usual manner. However, Class B allowances can be stopped at any time by the soldier, no matter where he is stationed.* You can probably cut some of the red tape by citing to your CO, Public Law 625, Section 104, which says that an enlisted man can discontinue a Class B at any time.

*NOTE: Family Allowances for Class A dependents (wife, divorced wife who has not remarried and to whom alimony is payable, and children) can not be stopped by the soldier.

Where's My Mother's Money?

Dear YANK:

Since December 1942, I have been alloting $20 a month from my pay for a Class E allotment for my mother. She has never received a check from the Office of Dependency Benefits. Since going overseas I have written to the ODB in an effort to find out where my money is, but I haven't had a reply. What should I do?

England —Cpl. OLEN L. CUMMINGS

■ We asked the ODB about your case and they informed us that their records show that a $20 allotment has been paid monthly to your mother since December 1942. None of the checks has been returned to them. As notification of non-payment must be made by the payee, you should tell your mother to write to the ODB at once, if she hasn't received all her checks. The U. S. Treasury will then put out a tracer.

Dear YANK:

I am pretty burned up. When I was graduated from Aerial Gunnery School last month I was given a lousy pfc. rating. I was under the impression that after completing this course I would get a staff sergeant's rating automatically.

Scott Field, Ill. —Pfc. JACK GALEMBI

■ The automatic promotion of all graduated gunners to staff sergeant was discontinued Feb. 10, 1943. Under the new regulations you can't make staff when you're graduated unless you have previously completed technical training as a radio operator, radio operator-mechanic, airplane mechanic or airplane armorer. Without one of these specialties a graduate is just a plain pfc.

A/C Applications Overseas

Dear YANK:

Can men overseas apply for aviation-cadet training? I've heard that American soldiers in England have been accepted, but where I'm stationed no one can shed any light on the question.

Egypt —Pvt. JOHN BARRY

■ Provision is made for enlisted men to return to the States for aviation-cadet training if *(a)* they are in a spot where there is an examining board and *(b)* the commanding general is willing to release them.

The Company Kitty

Dear YANK:

When an enlisted man is transferred to another unit or shipped overseas, what happens to his share of the company funds?

Camp Swift, Tex. —Sgt. WOODROW J. HANSEN

■ If his share is $10 or more, it may be given to him outright, or transferred to the company funds of his new outfit.

Aerial Gunners

Dear YANK:

I applied for Aerial Gunnery School last year but was given the brush-off because I was over 30. Has this age limit been raised?

Camp Barkeley, Tex. —Cpl. PHILIP BASSETT

■ The age limit for Aerial Gunnery School was raised last February to 35. If you are no taller than 5 feet 10 inches and weigh no more than 170 pounds, ask your first sergeant to send in your application.

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Cpl. John Chiola of Johnstown, Pa., finds a couple of pals in Italy who appreciate good Army chow.

Bull Session in a Cairo Base Hospital About the Italian Invasion Deal

By Sgt. E. C. HARRIS
YANK Field Correspondent

CAIRO, EGYPT—There were five of them in the bull session about the way the war was going in Italy, and they had a special reason for being interested. Just a couple of days ago, these Yank soldiers had been under fire on the Salerno beach head. Now they were recuperating from shrapnel wounds in an American base hospital. After emergency treatment by a British field medical unit, they had been evacuated to Cairo by ship and plane.

"It was kind of rough around there for a while," said Pfc. Russell M. Taylor of Freehold, N. J. "We spent three days on the beach, unloading and digging in while the 88s up in the hills popped away at us. At night it was tanks. And whenever there was a lapse in our air cover, Jerry would be there too."

"Over in our sector, we had hardly more than landed before a warning came that six tanks and German infantry were headed our way," said M/Sgt. John Hockman, who lived in Alto, Ga., before he joined the Army nine years ago. "And when we started digging in, we discovered that the soil was about six inches deep, with solid rock underneath. Some fun.

"There was an irrigation ditch a little way off, and we hit it after leaving barbed wire in a field ahead of us. But the tanks never got that far. They were stopped cold and wiped out by our outer defenses."

Pfc. Standley B. Laz of Albany, N. Y., was in this same group. "That was a helluva night," he said. "So much noise I couldn't sleep. That British artillery kept up a steady barrage; never heard anything like it. They sure quieted down those German 88s. But there were enough left to get a good bead on us the next morning.

"We were out chasing some cows around a field to get some milk to drink when things began to get pretty hot. We got orders to move to a better protected spot to set up our radio communications, but just as we were boarding the trucks, one gun above us in the hills found the range. A shell fell close to our truck and when we piled out and began to disperse, another one caught us. That's why Hockman and I are here."

Hockman was waiting to be evacuated from the British field hospital when he saw a brief dogfight just outside the window. "Two Stukas came in out of the sun," he said. "They began to dive, when suddenly several P-38s came out of a cloud and literally blew the Jerries to bits. I stood at the window and watched as though it were a movie."

It was mortar fire from strategic rat-nests in the high ground overlooking the beaches that stopped Pfc. Charles L. Wolfe of Dublin, Ga. Supporting American Ranger landing operations, Wolfe was in a squad assigned to dislodge the Germans from some of their machine-gun and mortar nests.

With Wolfe was Pvt. John A. Rohrig, a former prize fighter from Clifton, N. J. "Hell, they figured I was a goner when they brought me in," he grinned. "They didn't know that a machine-gun slug can't stop a Jersey pug." Rohrig's medical charts show that attending British physicians gave him little chance to live, and wrote "amazing recovery" after he proved them wrong.

Now Rohrig's kidding his ward nurse, 2d Lt. Margaret Pound of Smithsburg, Md., and the officer-in-charge, Capt. William C. Fantey. "Forget that little bullet hole, Captain," he says. "What can you do about remodeling this schnozzle of mine? It's had some pretty rough treatment in the ring, and as long as I'm sitting this one out, I ought to get beautified at the same time."

The Italians are glad their country is no longer fighting on the German side. "No doubt about it," Taylor said. "The rank and file of the Eyeties, civilians and soldiers, are on our side. They gave us wine to drink, came and shook our hands and cheered when we came in. Italian soldiers would take our canteens and fill them with water or wine. We even had some of their officers doing voluntary guard duty."

The Italian soldiers started slipping through the German lines under cover of night and heading for home as soon as the armistice was announced. They discarded their equipment and uniforms and pretended to be civilians.

"Never could tell who was friend and who was foe, though," said Taylor. "When I was injured and waiting for help, a native came along and stopped to see what was wrong. He couldn't speak English, and I didn't dare let him go on. I didn't know whether he was for us or for the Axis. So I made him stay with me until his wife came along.

"I told her in sign language that I would keep him until she came back with help. In 10 minutes she was back with some Yank medical aid men."

"I see where we've taken most of that high country where they were entrenched," said Laz. "I'd like to be there and watch our 105s pour shells down on the Jerries. We took it. I wonder if they can?"

This Week's Cover

THE GI carrying his barracks bag in true Latin-American style on the cover is S/Sgt. Renier Mendez, one of the native soldiers training at Camp Tortuguero, Puerto Rico. Puerto Rican troops like everything in the U. S. Army but issued chow. Their mess sergeants turn out instead their own spicy Latin dishes.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Cpl. Ben Schnall. 2—Signal Corps. 3, 4 & 5—Sgt. Bob Ghio. 6—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 8—Acme. 9—Top, AAF; lower, Sig. Corps. 12—Top & Center, Tenth Air Force; lower left & right, AAF. 13—Ghio. 16—Top left, Sgt. Pat Sanford, PRO, Bolling Field; top right, Sgt. Dillon Ferris; center right, PRO, FARTC, Ft. Bragg, N. C.; lower left, Acme; lower right, Kingman Field, Ariz. 17—Top left, Sig. Corps, Camp Croft, S. C.; top center, AAB, Wendover, Utah; top right, Sgt. John Frano; lower left, Sig. Corps; lower right, PRO, Camp Beale, Calif. 20—Harrell. 23—INS.

He Tried To Sell Pineapples, But the GIs in Fiji Wouldn't Buy

FIJI—An old Fijian, who seldom left his village, came to town with a load of pineapples on his shoulder. It was the time of year when pineapples were not too plentiful, and a Fijian policeman advised him to go over by the wharf where several details of American soldiers were working. He told the old man that the Americans had plenty of money and would probably pay a good price for the pineapples.

The old boy took his advice and went over to the wharf. This was the first time he had ever confronted Americans. As he approached the first detail, one of the soldiers asked him, "How much?" This happens to mean "low tide" in Fijian. The old Fijian looked at the ocean, then shook his head and answered, "*Sa senga, saka, sa senga* 'much'." ("No sir, it is not low tide"). Seeing the Fijian shake his head, the soldier took it for granted the pineapples were not for sale and went back to work.

All along the wharf the old man ran into the same difficulty. At last he gave up in disgust, hoarse from trying to convince the United States Army that the tide was not low. He didn't sell any pineapples.

—Cpl. IRVING JOHNSON
YANK Field Correspondent

CABIN IN THE SKY

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—So confident of victory is Sgt. Peter M. Vasalie of the Air Forces that he has bought 100 acres of land on New Britain Island, now Japanese-occupied. The purchase was made through an Australian bank, representing the rightful owners. Vasalie, who comes from St. Paul, Minn., has the DFC and the Air Medal.

—YANK Field Correspondent

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Iran Was on the Air Before You Could Say 'Tainton-Pottberg'

NORTHERN IRAN—Behind the rather terrifying monicker of T-4 Alaric Clifton Tainton-Pottberg lies a career of radio-script writing in New York City and Baltimore, Md. In front of Tainton-Pottberg stretches a great future on the staff of the GI radio station in Iran, "Radio America."

Directing the broadcasting network, heard nightly the length and breadth of Iran with news and variety programs, is Lt. Leon A. Arkus of New York, who originally came to the Persian Gulf as personnel manager for an American construction company. The lieutenant's previous radio work was highly technical; he used to snap the dial on his set in New York whenever Uncle Don came on the air.

Undaunted by his orders to put together a radio show, Lt. Arkus rounded up Tainton-Pottberg and a handful of other soldiers with radio and news experience, including Pvt. Frank Plesha, who used to report for the Duluth *News Tribune* in Minnesota. Plesha was set to work listening in on short-wave broadcasts and relaying his findings to Tainton-Pottberg, who whipped them into sample scripts.

Meanwhile Lt. Arkus argued with the local Iranian radio station for time and studio facilities. From the local station he picked up a civilian assistant named F. Namdar, who speaks Persian and English with equal fluency. Namdar helped iron out some of the technical difficulties. The show was scheduled to start in a matter of days.

Then, like nickels from heaven, came two Special Service announcers. T-4 Frank P. McDonald used to be a newscaster on the Boston (Mass.) station WRL. With enough all-around radio experience to fill in at a dozen different jobs, he supplied the unctuous voice that would put the programs on and off the air. Alongside McDonald came T-5 Bill Palmer, composer, pianist-announcer from WJAC, Johnstown, Pa.

Two weeks after Lt. Arkus was ordered to produce a radio program, "Radio America" went on the air. It has been on six nights a week ever since, and it's like manna to soldiers in Iran.

The first half of the show is straight news. The second half is American music, ranging from Glenn Miller to Stephen Foster, and recordings of top U. S. radio shows like Charlie McCarthy and Bob Hope. Live soldier-talent has appeared on the show, and the local GI orchestra can swing with the best.

The Iranian station is well supplied with equipment from everywhere. Western Electric gadgets nestle alongside the creations of the Nazi *Telefunken*. But the station has only one studio and everyone has to use it. Traffic control is as confused as Times Square before gas rationing.

As "Radio America" signs off, an Iranian long-haired string ensemble tunes up. "It's a little complicated," says announcer McDonald, "to deliver a dignified signature when you're being jabbed by three 'cellos, but it's all in a day's work."

—Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Men of the Fifth Air Force in Australia and a Jap Zero they reconstructed out of salvaged parts.

They Know All About Zeros—They Made One

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—If the Nips ever capture M/Sgt. Tom Butler of Phoebus, Va., or any of his buddies, the guys will probably end up with good ratings in the Japanese Imperial Air Forces. They know as much as a top-flight Jap mechanic about the Zero fighter plane. They ought to; they've built one.

Members of a materiel section of the Fifth Air Force, these 15 enlisted men rebuilt an entire Mark II type of Zero fighter from the remains of Jap planes captured after American flyers bombed and strafed the Buna airstrip in New Guinea. The Mark II, known to our flyers as a "Hap," is the new model of Zero. The older kind, Mark I, is called a "Zeke." Navy mechanics in the States reconstructed a Zeke shot down in the Aleutians, but this is the first time an airworthy Hap has been in American hands.

With a higher ceiling than the Zeke, the Hap is also better equipped for diving, being capable of almost vertical attacks. The Hap's armament includes 20-mm cannon and a 13-mm gun with a new high-explosive bullet. The most obvious change between the two models is in the wingtips: those of the Hap are square, while the Zeke's are rounded.

Made entirely with Jap parts, the reconstructed plane is actually five different ships. The battered Haps were completely dismantled at the Buna airstrip, and the parts loaded on jeeps and taken to the beach. Then the salvage crew transferred the material to barges bound for Australia. One of the ships, carrying the Jap engines, sank en route, but the vital parts were rescued.

Back on the mainland, the parts were sorted and repaired. The salvage men found that Yank souvenir hunters had "borrowed" some of the vital parts at the airstrip. "Guys don't seem to realize that the part they grab may be just the one we need to complete the job," Butler says. In some cases the sheet-metal men had to remake vital parts from the original material.

Parts of every engine recovered were used. Six months after the operations began the plane was flying again, as good a Zero as ever came out of the Mitsubishi factory. But this time an American pilot is at the controls. When he flies around his own base, the Hap carries Jap insignia, but on trips to other fields, the plane will wear the U. S. markings to avoid trouble with our own ack-ack.

Working with Butler on the actual salvage job at Buna airstrip were S/Sgts. Robert (Hank) Henriksen of Austin, Minn.; Everett (Stud) Maynard of Peoria, Ill.; Orin L. Buum of White River, S. Dak., and Earl O. Kavinen of the state of Washington; and Cpls. Richard Hall of Northfield, Minn., and Isadore Novick of Philadelphia, Pa.

Other enlisted men who saw the project through were T/Sgts. John D. Mollet of Ogden, Utah; Joseph J. Gutterman of Belleville, Ill., and Moring P. Clark of Plant City, Fla.; S/Sgts. Dick Goodrich of Casper, Wyo.; Lyle E. Alfred of Talmadge, Utah, and Edward L. Beaudry of North Reading, Mass.; and Pvts. Miles H. Robbins of Scranton, Pa., and Robert T. Hill of Pasadena, Calif. 1st Lt. Clyde D. Gessel of Providence, Utah, was the officer in charge of the work.

If it's any consolation to other grease monkeys, they all agree that a Jap plane is harder to work on than a U. S. plane.

—Cpl. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Staff Correspondent

Caribbean Island Garrison Gets Weekly Visit From Priest

SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEAN—They're rough and they're tough but they're putty in the hands of Father Reginald Barry, unofficial chaplain to American soldiers stationed on Chacachacre, lonely Caribbean island outpost known as "The Rock."

Father Barry is full-time religious adviser to a British colony and adopted the Americans simply because he wanted to. Or rather the Americans adopted him. They treat the chubby, diminutive priest as affectionately as they would a wayward child. They have taught him to play poker and shoot craps.

Proud of his very mediocre poker-playing, Father Barry indignantly recalls how some of the boys introduced deuces wild in a game without telling him until the pot had grown to considerable proportions. He plays only for pennies.

The priest calls all of the men by their first names and knows their individual weaknesses. He is always on hand when a GI needs a friendly pat on the back or a kick in the pants, and delivers both with impartiality.

Father Barry lives across the bay from the soldiers, and visits the garrison each Sunday to hold mass. His ancient motorboat chugs across the waters at a dizzy speed. More and more soldiers gather at the dock each week to watch the landing. Odds that he'll pile the boat up on the rocks are growing, but so far Father Barry has managed to shut off the gas in time. GI bookies are offering 10-to-5 that he'll crash before the end of the year.

Father Reginald Barry talks it over with Yank friends.

Among Father Barry's soldier-friends are Pfc. John Nemeth of Houston, Tex.; Pvt. Lorence C. Wood of Eldorado Springs, Mo.; Pvt. Hayes Smith of Birmingham, Ala.; Pfc. Earl Persons of Arcadia, Mo.; S/Sgt. James L. Dudgeon of Hobart, Ind.; S/Sgt. George Austin of Yonkers, N. Y.; Pvt. Lloyd Duffet of Saginaw, Mich.; Pfc. R. E. Miller of Cleveland, Ohio; Pvt. John McQuaid of Franklin, Pa., and Sgt. Carl Warner of Parkersburg, W. Va. *(See photo at left.)*

—Sgt. CLYDE BIGGERSTAFF
YANK Staff Correspondent

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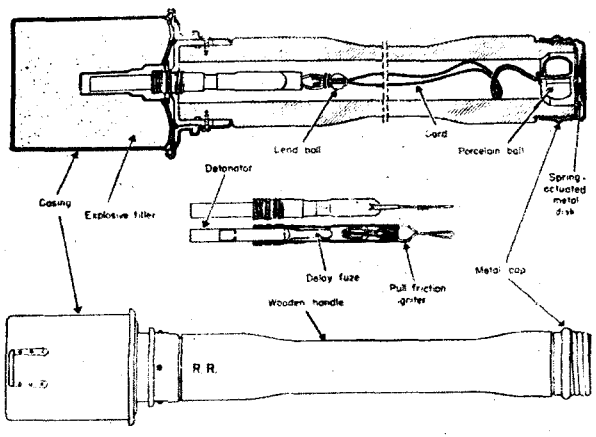
ENEMY WEAPONS NO. 3

German Hand Grenades

STICK AND EGG-TYPE MODELS

Material for this series of articles on enemy weapons was prepared by the War Department's Military Intelligence Service with the assistance of the Ordnance Intelligence Unit.



A sketch of Stick Hand Grenade, Model 24, showing outside and cross section of grenade and fuze.

THE hand grenades used by the German Army are all of the "offensive" type: that is, they have a thin metal casing with a high proportion of explosive filler. Being of this type, they depend on the blast effect, instead of the fragmentation of the case, as in the U.S. "defensive-type" Mills grenades. They can be used safely by troops advancing erect in the open, because they can be thrown to a distance greater than their effective bursting radius. The Model 24 and Model PH 39 stick-type, or "potato masher" type, grenades are used more often than the "egg" type and can be regarded as the standard hand grenades of the German Army. In addition, there is a smoke-stick grenade which differs from the regular stick, or "potato masher," only in the marking on the head of the grenade.

STICK HAND GRENADE, MODEL 24 (Stielhandgranate 24)

How to Identify. The stick hand grenade, Model 24, may be identified by—

1) Metal casing or body screwed onto a wooden handle with a metal cap.

2) Model marking on the casing or body of the grenade.

3) Porcelain ball attached to a cord in the exposed cavity after the metal cap is unscrewed.

Characteristics. This grenade consists of a thin iron or steel casing, or head, containing the explosive filler and screwed onto a hollow wooden handle, through the center of which runs a double length of cord. This cord is attached at one end to a lead ball, which is part of the friction-igniter-detonator system, and at the other end to a porcelain ball. The cavity in which the porcelain ball rests is closed by a metal cap that screws on. Inside the cap is a spring-actuated metal disk that prevents movement of the porcelain ball.

TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS	
Over-all length	1 foot 2 inches.
Weight	1 pound 5 ounces.
Weight of explosive filler	6 ounces.
Time of delay fuze	4 to 5 seconds.
Effective blast radius	12 to 14 yards.

How to Operate. *Safety.* The detonator is not assembled to the grenade until it is carried into combat. The metal cap on the end of the handle holds the porcelain ball in place and is not removed until the grenade is to be thrown.

To arm and throw.—(*a*) To arm grenade: The wooden handle is unscrewed from the head, and the metal end of the delay fuze is exposed in the interior of the handle. Insert a detonator into the open end of the delay fuze. The head and the handle are screwed together again. (*b*) To throw grenade: Unscrew the metal cap, pull out the porcelain ball as far as it will go, and throw. Do not throw too soon, as there is a four- to five-second delay.

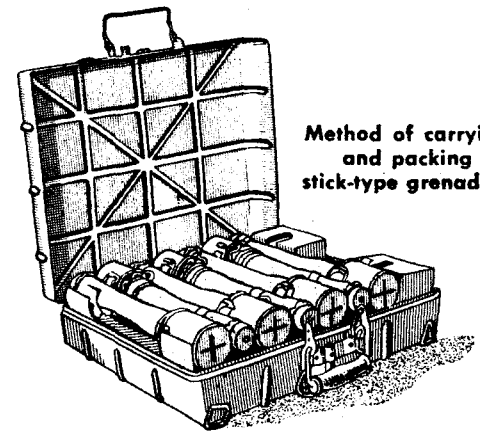
To disarm grenade.—Unscrew the handle from the head; remove the detonator from the open end of the delay fuze; replace the handle.

Method of Carrying. Stick hand grenades, Model 24, are carried in (1) a metal case holding 15 grenades and 15 detonators; (2) a sleeveless jacket fitting over the blouse (in this jacket there are 10 pockets, 5 in front and 5 in the back, in which the grenades are carried with the heads down); (3) the belt with the grenades stuck in, handle first.

Use as a Booby Trap. This grenade may be made into a booby trap by removing the delay fuze. When troops attempt to use the captured grenades, pulling the friction wire causes the grenades to explode immediately without the usual four- to 5-second delay.

To see whether or not the delaying device has been removed from the grenade, it may be tested as follows: (1) unscrew the head (explosive cylinder) from the wooden handle; (2) remove the detonator and the fuze which project from the handle; (3) unscrew the cap at the end of the handle and let the porcelain ring hang down; (4) unscrew the delayed-action device in the top of the handle to make sure whether the delayed-action cylinder actually contains the column of compressed black gunpowder.

To reassemble the grenade, carry out the above operations in the reverse order.



Method of carrying and packing stick-type grenades.

STICK HAND GRENADE, MODEL PH 39 (Stielhandgranate PH 39)

How to Identify. The stick hand grenade, Model PH 39, may be identified by—

1) Metal casing or body screwed to a wooden handle with a metal cap.

2) Model marking on the casing or body of the grenade.

3) Cord attached to the friction igniter being also attached to the metal cap (this being observed on unscrewing the metal cap on the handle).

Characteristics. Like the Model 24 stick grenade, the Model PH 39 consists of a thin iron or steel casing, or head, containing the explosive filler. This head is screwed onto a hollow wooden handle, through the center of which runs a double length of cord. At one end, this cord is attached to a lead ball, which is part of the friction-igniter-detonator system, and at the other end to the metal cap which screws onto the end of the handle.

TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS	
Over-all length	1 foot 4 inches.
Weight	1 pound 6 ounces.
Weight of explosive filler	7 ounces.
Time of delay fuze	4 to 5 seconds.
Effective blast radius	16 yards.

SMOKE HAND GRENADE, MODEL 34 (Nebelhandgranate 34)

The smoke grenade, Model 34, which is a standard stick grenade with the explosive filler replaced by smoke composition, is handled in the same manner as the other stick grenades and is identified only by a broken white line painted around the head of the grenade near its base.

EGG-TYPE HAND GRENADE, MODEL 39 (Eierhandgranate 39)

How to Identify. The egg-type hand grenade may be identified by—

1) Egg shape, of gray-green painted metal with a raised rib around the middle.

2) Blue knob protruding from one end.

Characteristics. This is a small thin-cased "offensive"-type grenade with a high proportion of a low-grade high explosive. It is ignited by a friction-type igniter and a four- to five-second delay fuze.

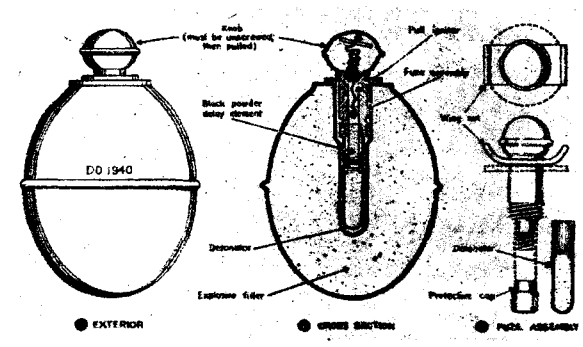
TABLE OF CHARACTERISTICS	
Over-all length	3 inches (approximately).
Weight	12 ounces.
Maximum diameter	2 inches.
Time of delay fuze	4 to 5 seconds.
Thickness of casing	.02 inch.

How to Operate. *Safety.*—The detonator is not assembled to the grenade until it is carried into combat.

To arm and throw.—(*a*) To arm grenade: Unscrew the knob from the grenade; be sure that the exposed pocket is clean; unscrew the protective cap from the detonator end of the knob; draw a detonator (standard No. 8) from its box and check the open end to see that it is dust-free and not distorted (do not use a dusty or distorted detonator); carefully slip the detonator onto the detonator end of the knob, screw the armed fuze by hand, and then use the key supplied to tighten the fuze. (*b*) To throw grenade: Unscrew the blue knob and pull. Throw the grenade, remembering that it has a four- to five-second delay.

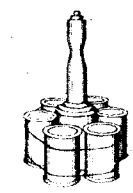
To disarm grenade.—Unscrew the knob from the grenade; remove the detonator from the end of the knob, and replace the knob. To render the igniter inoperative, carefully unscrew the knob, taking care not to exert any pull on the cord. Then cut the cord with scissors and replace the knob with the cord inside.

Use as a Booby Trap. Like all other materiel, these egg-shaped grenades can be used as booby traps. It has been reported that the Germans in Africa put red primer caps on the grenades which were used as traps. If the red primer cap is unscrewed and the firing string pulled, the explosion occurs instantaneously rather than after a four- to five-second delay—the standard delay with the blue cap.



Sketch of egg-type hand grenade, Model 39.

SPECIAL USES OF STICK GRENADES



For special demolition, antitank, and antipill-box work, the heads of six Model 24 or Model PH 39 stick grenades can be removed from their handles and fastened securely around a seventh stick grenade from which the handle is not removed. The whole can then be used as a convenient concentrated charge *(geballte Ladung)* for the above purposes.

Bangalore torpedoes for blowing paths through barbed wire can also be made by binding the desired number of grenade heads behind one another on a long stick or board; the grenade nearest the operator is complete with handle and detonator, and to it is attached a long wire or cord.

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HOW TO
Get Lost In A Jungle

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Jungle Correspondent

EVERYBODY in the Army seems to be writing handy pocket guides these days telling you How to Keep from Getting Lost in a Jungle. These books are all right but a lot of my friends are not reading them. In the first place, my friends never read anything, anyway, except beer bottle labels and the *Daily Racing Form*. In the second place, my friends are all goldbrickers and they don't want handy pocket guides that tell them how to keep from getting lost. All they want is to *get* lost, as soon as possible.

"The thicker the jungle the better," one of them remarked the other day, squeezing himself into the barrel of his M1 when the first sergeant approached to select a detail.

So my friends have requested, through channels, that I write a piece about How to Get Lost in a Jungle. They couldn't have picked a better man.

I happen to be an expert on getting lost. I spent most of the Carolina Maneuvers in 1941 at the top of the center pole in my pyramidal tent, where nobody could find me when there was a truck to be unloaded. As a matter of fact, I would have beaten Shipwreck Kelly's old record one week but a certain corporal, who shall be nameless, set the tent on fire and smoked me out.

I also happen to be an expert on jungles. I spent most of my summers as a youngster in a jungle near the Gillette razor blade factory in South Boston, Mass.

The first thing to remember if you want to get lost in a jungle is not to lose your head. There are a lot of head hunters in the jungles. If you put your head down somewhere for a minute while you are washing your feet or pressing your pants, a head hunter is liable to pick it up and walk off with it.

And don't be afraid of a jungle. A lot of soldiers get nervous when they find themselves in a jungle and notice that it has no traffic lights or sewers. But the jungle is really your friend. It provides heaps and heaps of food which can be found in the form of animals and plants. It also provides malaria mosquitos, leeches, snakes, crocodiles and nettles but there is no need to go into that now. However, you will be glad to learn that you have much less chance of catching poison ivy in the average jungle than you have around Lake Winnipesaukee, New Hampshire. Here is another bit of good news about jungles: it hardly ever snows there, so the chances are you won't be liable to slip on an icy sidewalk and hurt yourself.

I see that the T-5 down there in the fifth row with the Good Conduct ribbon and the whistle has a question. Would you mind speaking a little louder, bully? You say you want to know what kinds of food in the jungle are safe to eat?

Well, my fine chowhound, my advice to you is to make the acquaintanceship of some young monkey about your own age who knows the neighborhood. Just watch what he eats. Then follow his example and you'll make out okey. But be careful about the kind of a monkey he is before you start associating with him. Be sure he doesn't drink too much or run around with loose women. Many a careless GI in the jungle has been led to rack and ruin by hanging out with the wrong type of monkey.

Find some monkey who knows the neighborhood. Watch what he eats. Then follow his example.

Now let me see, where was I?

Oh, yes. The best way to get lost in a jungle is to get rid of your compass. I wouldn't recommend this, however, because the supply sergeant may get nasty and swear out a statement of charges to be deducted from your next month's pay. Pawning the compass wouldn't do either. You might get grabbed for hocking government property and sent to Leavenworth to cool off for a few years. But then again, if you want to look at the bright side of it, Leavenworth is an excellent place to get lost in, too. Even better than a jungle because it has no malaria mosquitos.

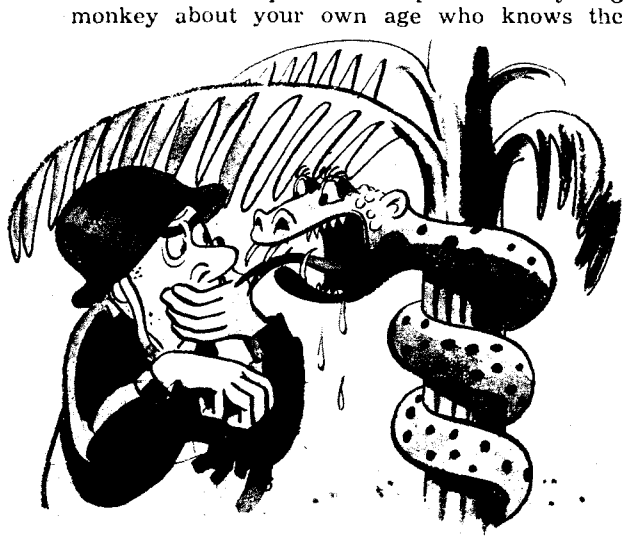
I find the best way to get lost is to ask directions from an MP. Simply go where he tells you to go and, in no time at all, you won't have the slighest idea of where you are.

But be careful about crossing state lines. Even though we are at war, don't forget that they are still able to get you for violations of the Mann Act.

That covers about everything except malaria mosquitos and the natives. The best remedy for mosquitos is to burn punks. This is getting rather difficult to do now because most of the punks in the Army have either gone to OCS or have been released under the 38-year-old law.

There is no need to try to cover the natives. They have been walking around without clothes all their lives so you can't expect them to do anything different.

In closing, I suggest that you bring this page with you next time you feel like getting lost in a jungle. It might come in handy to light a fire with.



Don't be afraid. The jungle is really your friend.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER

An interesting comparison of a Red Army Man—that's what they call him instead of "private"—and our own GI. They have a lot in common.

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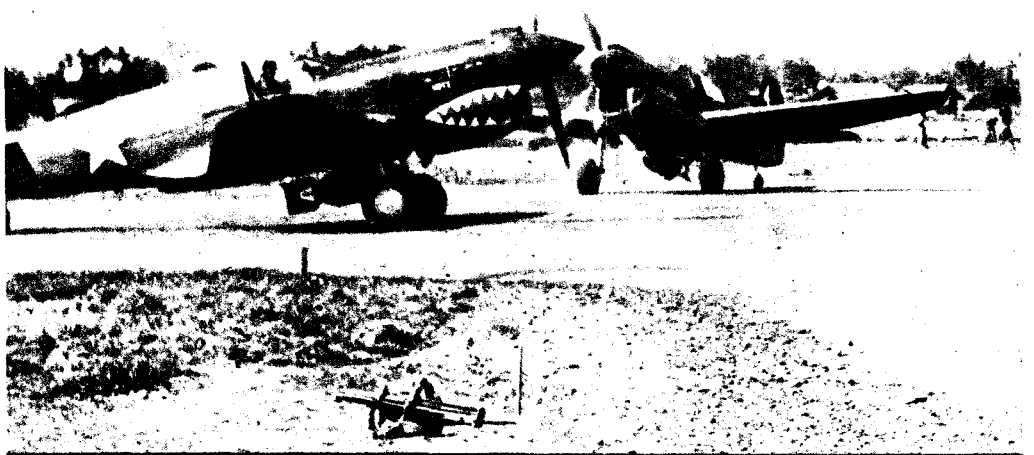
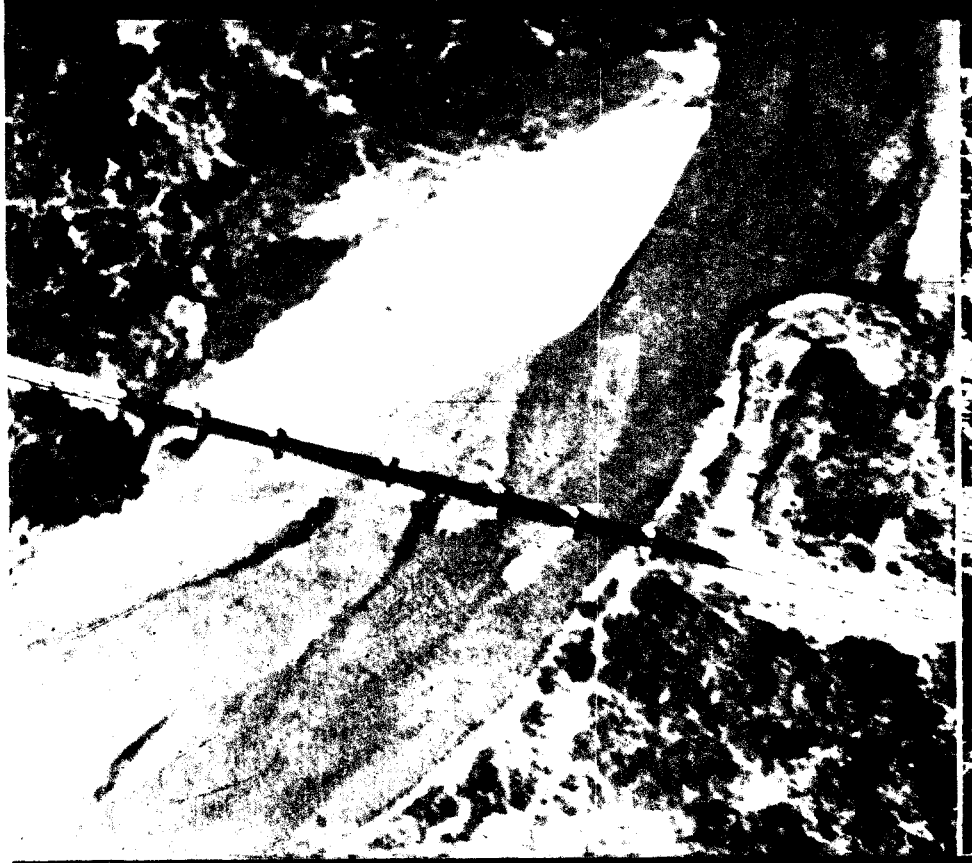
THESE OFFICERS WERE THE FIRST TO TAKE OFF FROM THEIR BASE WITH 1,000-POUND BOMBS UNDER THEIR P-40S. COL. JOHN BARR, THIRD FROM LEFT, ORIGINATED THE IDEA.

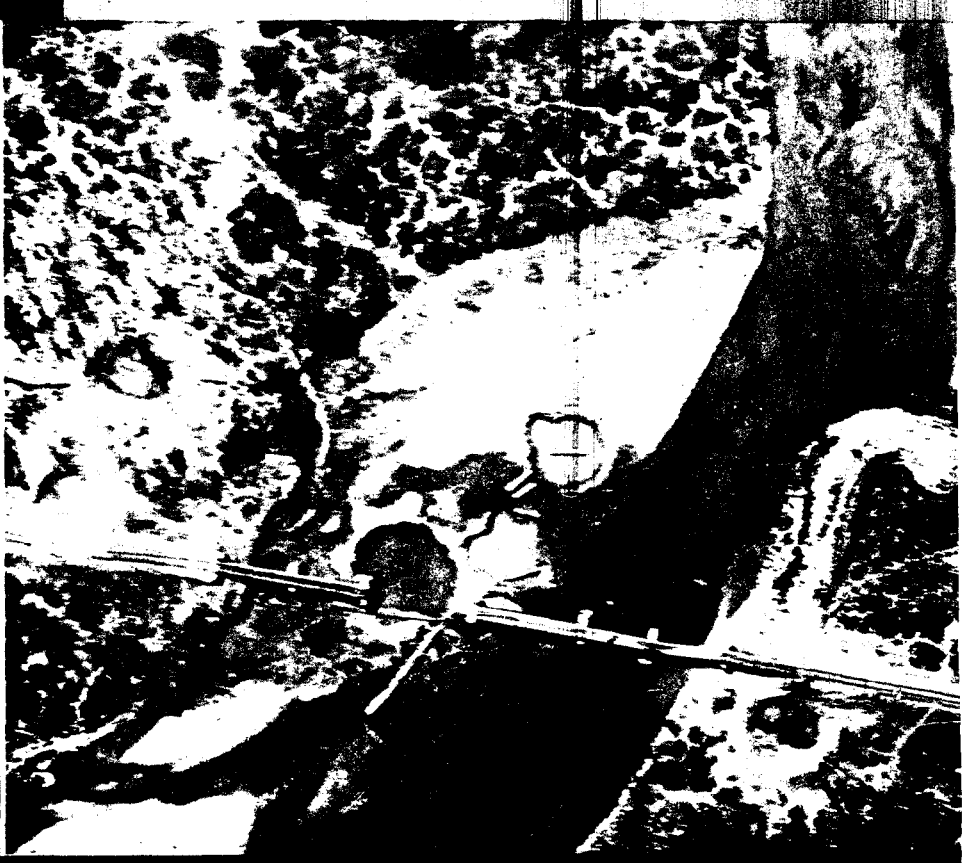


A PILOT STARTS HIS BOMB-LOADED P-40 DOWN THE RUNWAY, ON A MISSION TO BURMA.

ANK airmen at the Assam Air Base in India have gotten new results out of well tried weapons. Converting their P-40s into fast and accurate bombers by fitting them to carry 1,000-pound bombs, they bomb the Japanese and race back to reload and bomb again.



BEFORE THE P-40S DID THEIR JOB, AN IMPORTANT JAP SUPPLY BRIDGE IN BURMA.



THE SAME BRIDGE AFTER THE "B-40S" HAD BLASTED IT WITH THEIR 1,000 POUNDERS.

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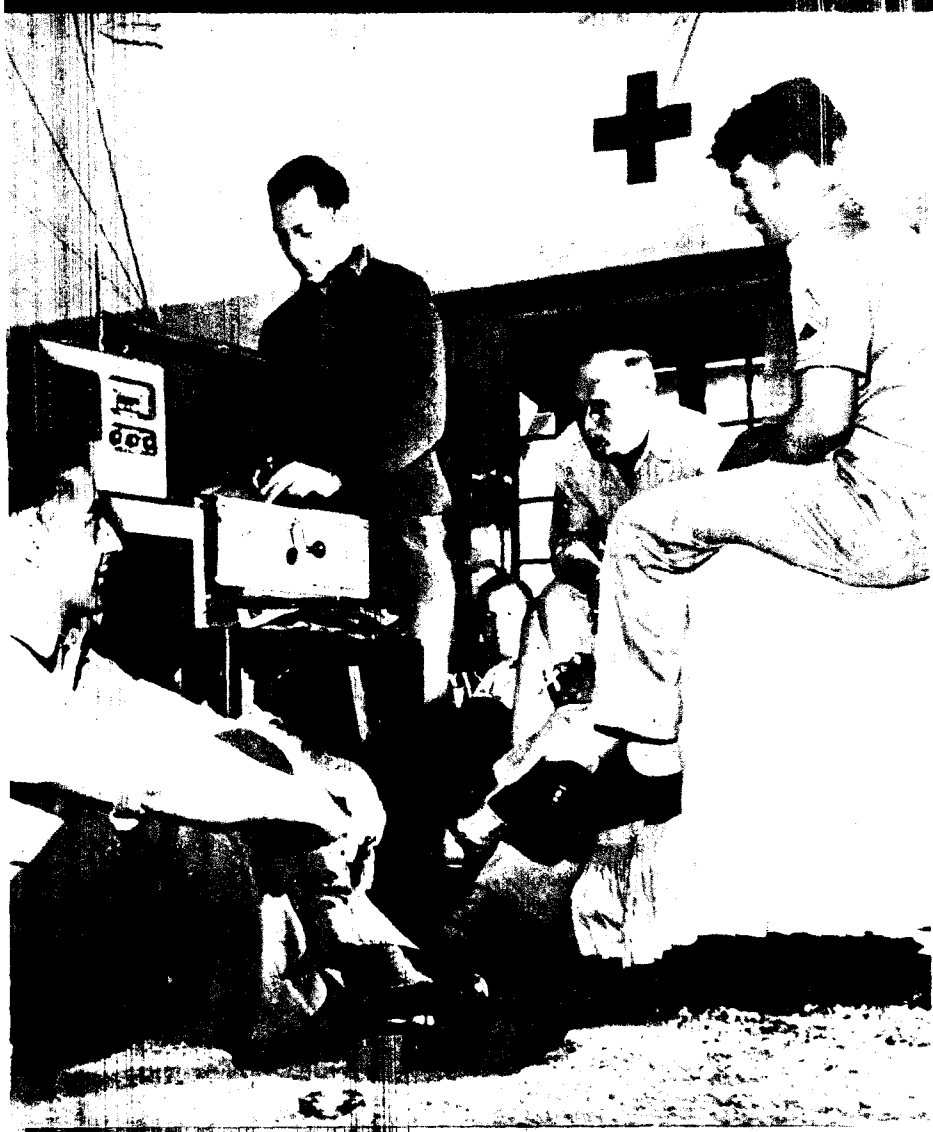
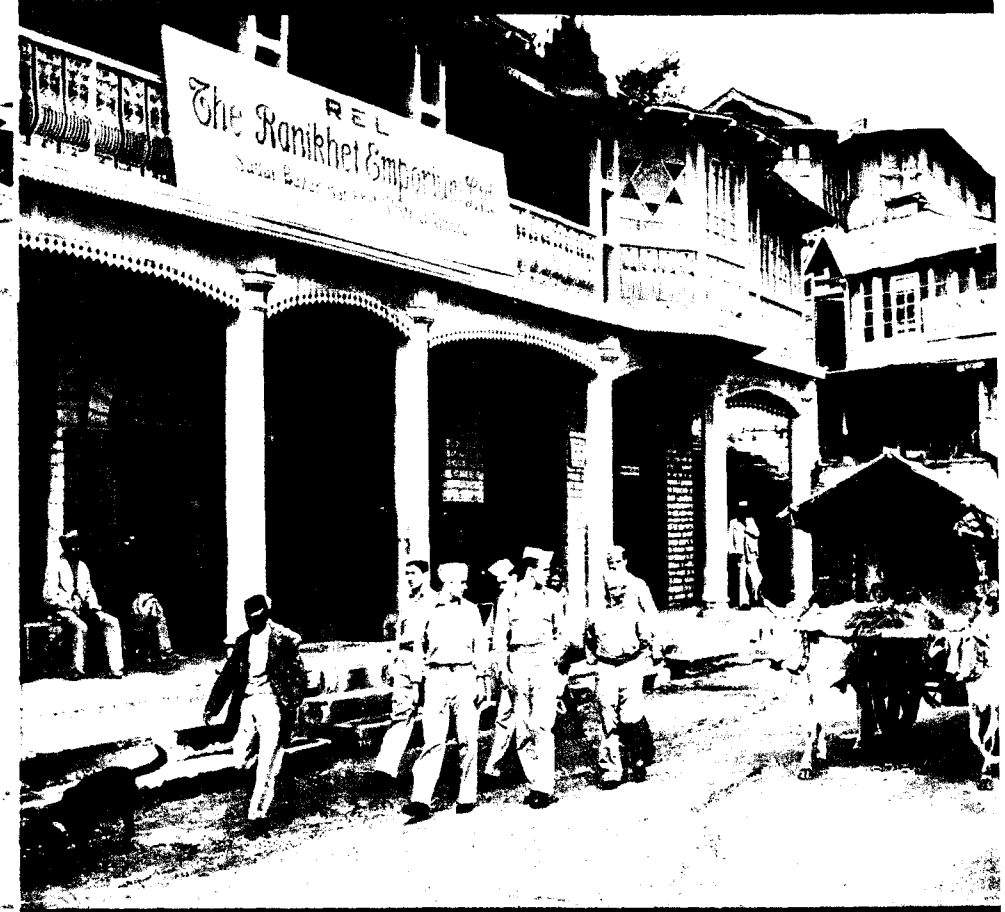
LISTENING TO TOMMY DORSEY AT THE REST CAMP'S RED CROSS SERVICE CLUB.



THEY CAN SHOOT ELEPHANTS AND PANTHERS, TOO, BUT THIS IS A LOT MORE RESTFUL.

A [illegible] camp in the foothills of the Himalayas was [illegible] by the Allies to give war weary soldiers [illegible] to relax. Here men who have spent at least six [illegible] in India can enjoy two weeks of rest in cool [illegible] with sports, good food and plenty of sleep.



ONE OF THE SOLDIERS' FAVORITE PASTIMES IS TO TAKE TRIPS TO NEIGHBORING TOWNS.

THE SERVICE CLUB DISHES OUT GENUINE AMERICAN HAMBURGERS AND DOUGHNUTS.

RIDING UP MOUNTAIN TRAILS IS HEALTHY, TOO.

AND GOLF LOVERS GET A BREAK.

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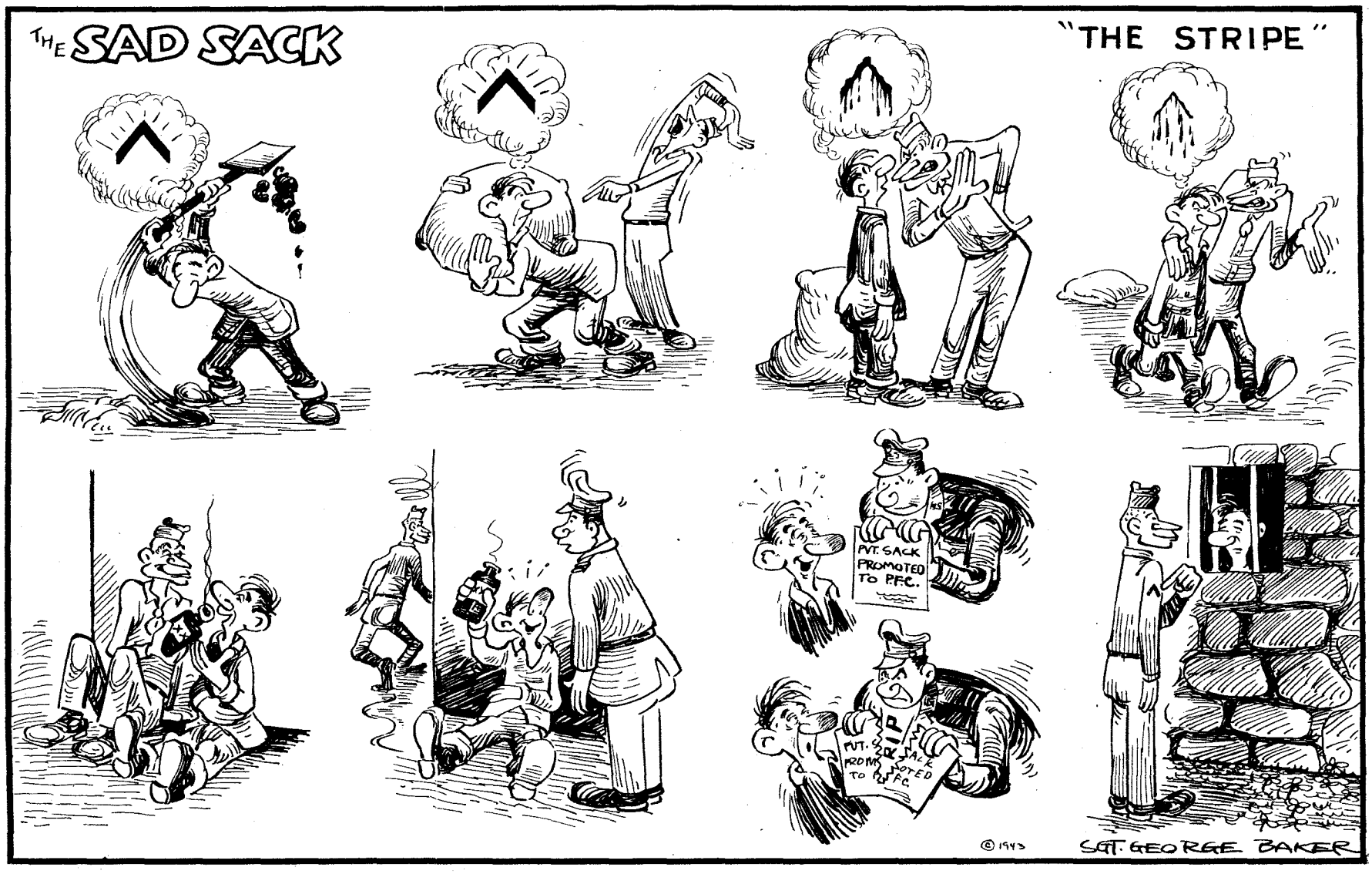

Artie Greengroin, PFC.

ARDUOUS OLE ARTIE

"You look better," we said to Artie Greengroin. "I feel woise," Artie said. We were sitting in the lounge of a Red Cross Club, tucking away a couple of cokes. The swelling had gone down around Artie's jaw, and now the only man in the world who can smoke a fag while actually putting a coke bottle to his lips had recovered the old pasty jaw line.

"Yerse," Artie said. "A dennis can wound, but it's the pain of the heart what kills."

"Is your heart paining you?" we asked.

"Not in the accepted physical sense," Artie said. "The trouble with me is I'm war-weary."

We said that we were war-weary every morning, from seven to ten.

"Then you got some semblance of my feelings," Artie said. "This is a arduous road we're moving along, a regular ole bassar of a arduous road. I look into the future and I don't see no turning. Every morning I get up and I see the same messy faces, the same old cruddy khaki. Wass the matter with me is I need a furlough."

"Why don't you get one?" we wanted to know.

"Wass the use?" Artie said. "I'd oney waste it on women and beer or woise. Besides, they won't gimme a furlough."

"Why not?" we asked.

"Because I'm a evil liver," Artie said. "What them monkeys in the orderly room mistakes as evil tendencies is oney high spirits. Them rummies don't understand me, thass all."

"You mean they won't give you a furlough because you're always getting into trouble?" we asked.

"Thass right," Artie said. "And meanwhiles, here I am, walking down the ole arduous road of war-weariness. Hones to gaw, they's not another soldier in this Army that needs a period of relaxation as much as ole Artie."

"If you think you're bad off, think of the Germans," we said. "Think of Hitler."

"All the time I think of Hitler," Artie said. "If I ever get me mitts on that sausage-grinder I'll delimb him. He's the cause of all me troubles. It ain't the mess sergeant. It ain't the topkick. It's that somber bits, Hitler. Some day I'm going to grind that kraut."

"The old warrior, hey?" we said.

"Don't get comical," Artie said. "This is a very touchy subjeck with me. When a guy gets war-weary he gets ugly."

"No need to get mad, old boy," we said.

"I ain't getting mad," Artie said. "Oney rummies gets mad. I'm awways calm, always cerlected. Sometimes I think me beautiful disposition will keep me down in the blassid ole Army. The higher a guy gets, the nassier he becomes. Maybe I better start playing doity like the rest of the boys. When a guy's war-weary he starts grasping at straws. Poop on the war is my motter."

"Rather a destructive one," we said.

"Poop on destruction, too," Artie said. "Thass all war is, is destruction. Sometimes I think me poise is being destroyed, even. I look at me ten finners and they clench up inter claws. It's amazing they don't connect with somebody's throat."

"One should be calm in the midst of crisis," we said. "One should exercise control."

"For gaw's sake," Artie cried, "what do you think I been exercising all these months? Greengroin the Controlled, thass me. But there comes a time in every man's life when the ole blood comes berling up through his veins. Thass the state I'm in, ole boy. I don't suppose you could fix it up with the capting for me to have a few days off, could you?"

"We could try," we said.

"Now, thass the kine of friends I like to have," Artie said. "What can I do for you, ole boy? You want we should leave these cokes while I take you out and buy you a lager?"

"No need to do that, old boy," we said.

"It's the kine of thing that puts faith in a ole bassar like me," Artie said, "when I see friendship. Even that Hitler don't have no effect on me when I realize that people is trying to do things for me. I renews me faith in humane nature. When you going to see the capting, ole cock?"

"Oh, next week sometime," we said.

Artie jammed his butt out on the table. "Thass what I thought," he said. "You're in the ole Army groove, jess like everybody else. Never put off till termorrer what you can put off till next week, thass your motter."

"We'll see the captain, Artie," we said.

"Ferget it," said the war-weary one. "Maybe I'm happier this way. Maybe it's me trial by fire and brimstone. I dunno. Perhaps Fate decided to make old Artie suffer. Well, I been expecting it. I lived a wicked youth and a evil-adolescence. Maybe I got it coming to me. Maybe I ought to go over and slug the topkick and get a real dose. Maybe I ought to get another session in the clink. I been out too long. I'm getting stale. Maybe I better go get me a sledge hammer and smash up the truck. Maybe when they see what was oncet a beautiful piece of machinery reduced to a pulps, they'll be sorry they didn't give ole Artie his furlough. 'We been mean to Greengroin,' they'll say. 'We done the doity on ole Artie.' Maybe they will and maybe they won't."

"You're turning into a manic repressive these days," we said.

"Ah, wass the use?" Artie said. "You talk and you sit and you wait and nothing happens nowheres. Wass the sense of doing anything? I guess I'll go out and get in a crap game. Foist though, I guess I'll get me a coke. I feel a lot of doity woids coming on and I want to loosen up my larynx."

He went and got another coke. We sat back to wait for the doity woids.

We forgot to say that it was raining that afternoon, too.

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"Aw, go on back! What have you got to lose?"

STRICTLY G.I.

8th Air Force

THE Eighth Air Force has grown 450 percent since May 1 of this year and is now a full partner to the RAF in the business of bombing hell out of Hitler's Europe. Since last spring the Eighth has acquired four times as many heavy bombers—Flying Forts and Liberators, six times as many escort fighters—Thunderbolts, and four times as many medium bombers—Marauders. Present plans are reported to call for an increase of 30 percent in heavy bombers and more than 100 percent in each division of fighters, medium bombers and recon planes. During the past summer campaign the Eighth Air Force has added more guns to the heavy bombers, has increased the range of both fighters and bombers and has sent the Forts out on night bombing missions. There probably have been other improvements, too, which the Nazis will find out in due time.

This is the new Eighth Air Force shoulder patch, which is described officially as "an ultra-marine blue disc two and one-half inches in diameter, with a winged number eight of golden orange. The Air Force star is in the lower lobe of the figure eight."

Colored Smoke Grenades

The Chemical Warfare Service has developed new smoke grenades that are used by Army tanks to identify them to AAF planes which are flying over the field of battle. The grenades give off smoke in seven brilliant colors which can be distinguished at 10,000 feet. When the driver of a tank finds it necessary to identify himself, he throws the grenade on the ground and the colored smoke comes up in about four seconds.

GI Shop Talk

The activities of the U. S. Army Engineers in Great Britain will be shown on a new training film, "Paving the Way to Victory," now being made in the ETO. . . . Approximately 6,500,000 pairs of GI shoes will be rebuilt during the coming year by the QMC at factories in Georgia and Missouri. . . . A pocket-sized divine service book is issued to Marines in the field. It contains not only a selection of prayers and hymns but also short baptismal and burial services for each creed. . . . The WD announces that banking facilities for military and civilian personnel have been established at 196 Army posts, camps and stations. . . . A fighting Ordnance regiment, composed of former automobile mechanics, technicians and executives recruited in 22 Western states, is rendering "valiant, capable" service in the Mediterranean Theater in distributing and maintaining guns, tanks and ammunition.

New Lister Bag

The QMC has developed a new lister bag for drinking water that is being tried out for use by Army units in deserts and tropical areas. The new bag is made of a special high-count duck fabric which is leakproof and yet permits enough evaporation for the water to stay cool. It is intended to replace the present 36-gallon rubberized canvas bag.

Washington O.P.

A duel between cruisers and destroyers lying off Salerno and a German tank regiment on shore was described by President Roosevelt at a recent press conference. He also praised the complete cooperation between armies that brought Foggia, Italy, into Allied hands.

Anybody with a CDD who wants to go to college should get in touch with the Armed Forces Institute. By taking tests he may receive college credits for what he learned in the Army. . . . For former federal employees: the Civil Service Commission has asked federal agencies to keep employees entering the armed services on the pay roll in leave-without-pay status rather than require a resignation. In any event, a former Civil Service employee can get his job back, but the new system has the advantage of allowing disability annuity claims under the Federal Retirement System and a six-month retirement credit for every 12 months of absence from government service.

—YANK's Washington Bureau

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BONDED TWINS. 1st Sgt. Marlin Sandri of the 13th Air Base, Bolling Field, D. C., is bolstering up his twin daughters' future by getting them at least two $25 War Bonds a month. Patricia Ann and Sandra suspect bonds are good eating.

DEAD-EYES. These MPs are just what they seem to be, pistol experts. At Ft. Custer, Mich., they are (l. to r.): Pfc. Norman J. Davenport, Pfc. Frederick W. Boelkes, Cpl. Lawrence S. McCarthy, Cpl. Joseph F. Draus and Pvt. Vernon E. Veach.

CAMP NEWS

Orders Is Orders

Camp Abbot, Oreg. — Pvt. Edith Thompson of the WAC Company here works in the QM purchase warehouse. One day a general came in to buy a pair of coveralls.

Pvt. Thompson, a stickler for obeying orders, said she couldn't sell them to officers without a permit. The general protested. But Wac Thompson was adamant—no permit, no coveralls.

"Who made that rule?" stormed the general. "And where do I get a permit?"

Pvt. Thompson answered both questions and the general departed. He returned later and got his coveralls—but he had a permit.

Red Ink Blues

Fort Benning, Ga.—Red ink is driving O/C Robinson virtually into Section 8. The supply sergeant of the 3d Student Training Regiment at the Infantry School says that Robinson owes the Army 800 bucks for one GI mortar, one GI sight, a pair of field glasses and sundry other items.

It seems that while on duty in the Aleutians, O/C Robinson drew this equipment, but he insists that it was returned. The only serviceable part of the supply sergeant's typewriter ribbon up there was the red one and the items were thus recorded on Robinson's record.

Escape Artist

Camp Shanks, N. Y.—T-5 John Rutkowski drew Pvt. Dave Speagle on a window-washing detail. Speagle has something of a reputation for dodging work and so posed a problem for the T-5.

Finally, he sent Speagle up a ladder to a third-floor window. When Speagle was on the ledge, with window-washing paraphernalia in hand, Rutkowski removed the ladder, confident that the private would stay put, since the window could not be entered from the outside.

When Rutkowski returned 15 minutes later, Speagle had disappeared. Three hours later Rutkowski found him at the PX, but the private refused to divulge his escape method. It came out eventually. Speagle had merely asked a passer-by to raise the ladder to him.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Shaw Field, S. C. — The fact that it was past hours for using the swimming pool didn't deter Pvt. Cathella Spain. He sneaked to the pool, climbed to the topmost springboard, and then changed his mind. The darkness made the distance seem too great. He climbed back down again, sprinted along the edge of the pool, and then dove. Pvt. Spain is at present recovering in the station hospital from his injuries. The pool was empty.

Fort Devens, Mass.—The Army has succeeded in teaching S/Sgt. Paul Bennett of New Station Hospital the idea of foresight. He has just made the final payment on his own tombstone, which is inscribed with his name and the date: 19—.

Bainbridge Field, Ga.—It will be hard for Pvt. Maxwell Lester ever to forget that he was in the AAF. With the aid of an artist-friend who drew the stencil, and a tattoo artist who did the needling, Lester now sports the AAF patch permanently etched on his shoulder.

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—T-5 Rupert Nesby and Pvt. Cordell Williams, both members of the 718th Medical Sanitary Co. here, were amiable and friendly acquaintances. One night recently they got their passes together, took the bus to town together, and even got off at the same street corner. Then, both went up to the same house to call on the same girl.

Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.—Pfc. Milton Carroll, 127th Ordnance, is recuperating in the Station Hospital here. He broke his thumb while—making a GI bed.

Trinidad Internment Camp, Colo.—Pfc. Ben Lieberman recently won a carton of cigarettes at a VFW Auxiliary bingo party. With his prize under his arm, he met a buddy outside and asked

BROTHER JOE. Pvt. Joseph Clements, at the FARTC, Fort Bragg, N. C., claims the record for the greatest number of brothers in the service. He has sixteen of them, eight in the U. S. Army, four in the Marines, two in the Navy, one in the Coast Guard and one in Canadian Army. That's hard to beat.

QUICK CONCEALMENT. Sagebrush and sand offer no cover for heavy equipment so these soldiers on Fourth Army Corps maneuvers in Oregon have to throw up a camouflage net on the double. They're attached to an ammunition supply office. The water-tank truck is moving off.

GUNNERY CHAMPS. These five sergeants, at Kingman, Ariz., Army Air Field, won a competition with teams from all AAF gunnery schools. L. to r.: Sgts. Sagehorn, Hahn, Wint, Fish, and Strowder.

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MATCH ARTIST. Pfc. Otis Rogers, of Philadelphia, Pa., with Co. D., 50th Bn., Camp Croft, S. C., has a hobby of making things out of matches. This plane used up 5,000.

DUCK PROTECTION. Phosgene, a teal duck, is the pet of the Chemical Warfare Service at Wendover Field, Utah. They made her a special gas mask to prove their affection.

HOME TRIMMINGS. Wac Cpl. Shirley Cook, Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga., added bloomers—no, curtains, before truck looked well.

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

Harlingen AAF, Tex.—A certain Cpl. Busch was standing before a latrine mirror when Sgt. Tom Jordan entered. Jordan watched the corporal for several minutes while he waited for someone to vacate one of the other wash basins. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Hey," yelled Jordan to Busch. "Have you got a photograph of yourself?"

The corporal said he had.

"Well, then," said Jordan, "let me have that mirror. I gotta shave."

him: "You smoke, pal, don't you?" The pal, taking one look at the package under Lieberman's arm, nodded emphatically. "Well," said Lieberman, "here's a pack of matches."

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—When her watch began to lose time, Pvt. Irina Feig, 703d WAC Co. here, sent it to a jeweler's for repair. In due time it was returned and with it was the jeweler's gift to those serving in the armed forces. Wac Reig received an electric razor.

Dyersburg Army Air Field, Tenn. — Exercising their unofficial and disputed prerogative of raiding the icebox, several noncoms here were making a good thing of the supply of ground meat they found therein. The officers knew of the raids, but said nothing, because the GIs were gorging on ground horse meat which was being used to feed the squadron's four guard dogs.

Camp Lee, Va.—Resentful of the intrusion of a certain dame from Bizerte is Nosey Rosey, the Rose of Sycamore Street, who, according to members of the 6th QM Training Regiment, is ready and willing to meet Gertie at any place, time and with any choice of weapons. Gertie, say Rosey's backers, was a take-off on "the belle superb of Sycamore Street."

Victorville Army Air Field, Calif.—When Pvt. Ray Graffin gets into water, he likes to cavort and horse around. Water capers are his dish. Recently, Graffin submerged, swam a few strokes under water and spotted a nice leg. He grabbed and quickly dunked the owner. A few seconds later, Pvt. Graffin was getting "chewed out" by the owner—a Wac lieutenant.

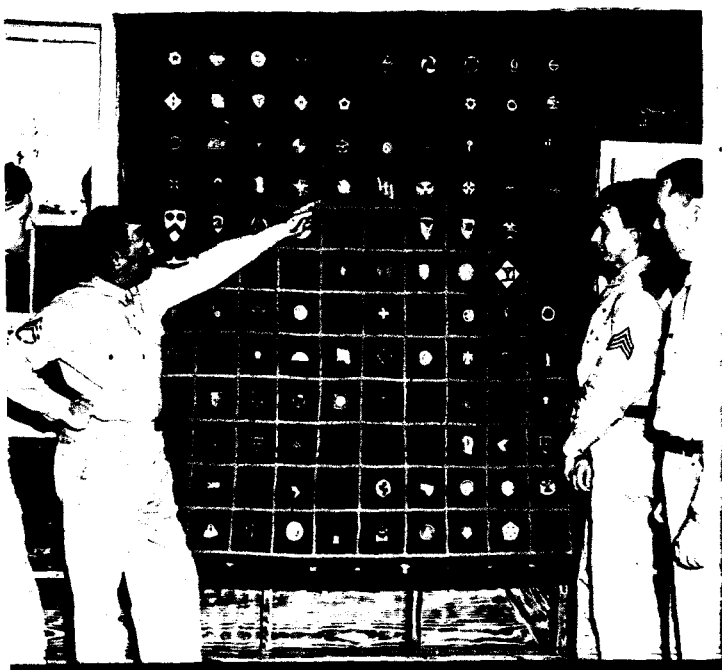
Fort Riley, Kans.—It was a big day for the Allens—especially the Bob Allens—when the CRTC Centaurs met the Lowry Field grid team. Robert B. Allen, in the CRTC PRO, sat in the press box: Robert H. Allen was in the game at tackle for the Centaurs, and Robert H. Allen was playing tackle for the Lowry Bombers.

Moore Field, Tex.—GIs have many reasons for not wearing a pfc. stripe when it is awarded to them. Pfc. Oscar Giddens comes up with one of the best. "In case I ever get busted," says this member of the 61st Aviation Sq., "no one will know I was ever a pfc."

ROLL CALL

Pvt. Willie Hike, former Augusta (Ga.) fireman, is a member of the aviation squadron at **Salt Lake City Army Air Base, Utah.** . . . A GI who should have been a sailor, if names mean anything, is Pfc. James L. Seabrease, 106th Division, at **Fort Jackson, S. C.** . . . At **Camp Stewart, Ga.**, there's a good-omened GI named Pvt. Kenneth *Armistice* Marriott with Battery A; while Cpl. General L. Dean has been assigned to the Centralized Troops School at the same camp. . . . The Station Hospital at **South Camp Hood, Tex.**, has given clinic treatment to dogfaces named Thomas Jefferson, Henry Ford, Edgar Hoover, Ulysses Grant and George Washington. . . . With the 85th CTD, **Municipal University of Wichita, Kans.**, is Pvt. Jack Dempsey. . . . Just the guy for the job is Pvt. Claude Sixkiller, who is a member of an Ordnance company at **Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.** . . . The BTC at **Kearns, Utah**, reports a candidate for a Walt Disney opus named Pvt. Joseph Oyster; a guy who can never get away from his name: Pvt. Bobby B. Good; a GI ever in fear of a spray gun: Pvt. Pete Mesquita; and three noteworthy name-doubles: Pvt. Lloyd C. Douglass, Pvt. Robert Crosby, and Pvt. J. P. Morgan. . . . Cpl. Philmore Graves, who once worked for an undertaker, has the bunk between Abbott (Pvt. Orrin) and Costello (Sgt. Thomas) at **Scott Field, Ill.**

Don't hog that story, chow hound. Let us in on it and we'll relay it to your buddies in other camps. That picture you thought was so good—share it with other GIs by sending it on to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Dept., Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with a request that it be forwarded to YANK, The Army Weekly.



INSIGNIA COLLECTOR. S Sgt. Charles McAlexander 114th Signal Radio Intelligence Co., Camp Crowder, Mo., describes collection of some 100 insignia.

WATER TRICKS. Take one wounded man, add four men in good health, plus four shelter halves, some straw and a couple of planks and you have an emergency raft like this one at Camp Beale, Calif. The four very skillful pushers are Pvts. Edward Hammond, John Massup, Raymond Reynolds and Eugene Piearce.

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WORDS ACROSS THE SEA

Benton Veros Grunwald Papp Gragnani Gift

Jim Benton Jr., Steward 1/c, once a lumber grader in Warren, Ark., is now in the treeless Aleutians. He tells his brother Jesse Earl Benton, in N. Africa: "I hear from home but not from you. How come?" . . . **S/Sgt. Paul Veros** of Charleroi, Pa., now in Australia, tells his brothers, 2d Lt. Edward Veros and Pfc. Milan Veros, both back in the States: "Regards and best wishes to you and all the gang." . . . **Sgt. Frances C. Grunwald** of St. Louis, Mo., now in India, tells Sgt. Richard Henson and Sgt. Cecil Edwards: "We're all doing the same thing for Uncle Sam, so feed the boys good. I'm collecting whisky labels for a hobby these days. Write me c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.*"

Cpl. Frank Papp with the Signal Corps in Honolulu hasn't heard from Pfc. Charles E. Papp for a long time. Charles, who is a Marine somewhere in the Pacific, can write to Frank c/o YANK's *Words Across the Sea.* . . . **Pfc. L. A. Gragnani** of St. Louis, Mo., tells Lt. Charles Murphy in the Pacific: "Que pasa, amigo? Between rounds of sweating it out in Panama. I've picked up some of the native lingo." . . . **Cpl. Ernest Gift** of Gilroy, Calif., wants to hear from Sgt. Kenneth Lillard, in the Army Air Force somewhere in England. Gift is a technical file clerk at a Central Pacific air base and sends this message: "I'll be back in Oahu some day soon. You know where to write me there."

Mail Call

Strikes in Wartime

Dear YANK:

Pfc. Raymond B. Cole may be right when he stated in his letter to *Mail Call* in a September issue: "Labor shows integrity, courage and democratic faith in both war and peace," but it doesn't alter the fact that labor also shows poor common sense and lack of judgment when it pulls off strikes in time of war. Soldiers get a firing squad for similar actions.

AAB, Galveston, Tex. —**Sgt. ROBERT S. FRANKENBURG**

The Sad Sack

Dear YANK:

Since I have read YANK I've laughed over the Sad Sack. It's not only a great deal of laughs but it's very true of Army life. So I ask this of you: Would you please print a photograph of the artist? I believe his name is Sgt. George Baker. I'd like to see him very much if it's not asking too much.

—**Pfc. ROBERT W. FORD**
3rd Army Maneuver Area, La.

■ This is Sgt. George Baker, above on the right. His pet peeve is that everyone thinks he looks like the Sad Sack.

Pin-ups or Philosophy?

Dear YANK:

Your paper answers certain needs in a soldier's life but editorially it is too shallow. It's all right to provide us with pin-up girls, but we demand more than that to raise our morale. There are many urgent questions in the minds of the average GI for which he can find no answer. He wants to discuss social problems but doesn't possess sufficient information to tackle the questions intelligently. So far your editorial page has not ventured to meet this pressing need. We want to know what kind of America is awaiting us on our return. What is the concrete plan to absorb the millions of soldiers and war workers after victory is won? What are the merits and demerits of the Beveridge plan? Do we have a corresponding government plan or is the "dole" our basis of planning? What are we going to do to prevent another war? Are we intending to rule European countries by AMG? These are some of our questions. Will YANK help to clarify them? It will be a fatal mistake to leave the discussion and decision to others. GIs all over the world want to discuss and know more about these problems and yours is the only paper that can reach us and give us the green light.

Honolulu —**S/Sgt. W. DRESHER**

■ Your ideas are uppermost in our mind and we plan to print a series of articles to answer the need you mention. We've begun our investigation already but we feel the job is too important to be undertaken superficially. To do a thorough job we have to investigate all sources carefully and that is what we are in the process of doing now.

Discussion Groups

Dear YANK:

I would like to suggest that the Army form discussion groups at every camp under the direction of Special Service officers to state our attitude toward post-war aims, peace treaties, and foreign policy. In this way we might have the important issue of the post-war era ready for action when the time comes.

Hq. Fer. Div. ATC, Cincinnati —**Pfc. ROBERT W. GORDINIER**

Veterans' Organizations

Dear YANK:

Your editorial in a September issue of YANK was unjust and unfair to the American Legion. The Legion is one of the greatest organizations in the world and will never be equaled by any veterans' organization of World War II. The Legion has been urging preparedness since around 1920. Had we been prepared for this war we would never have been in battle at this time. Peace has been and always will be the primary objective of the American Legion. As to being a political machine, as your article inferred, that is just gross exaggeration. Politics will always be present where an American is involved. That's why we can call our government a democracy.

Fort Dix, N. J. —**Sgt. GEORGE W. ALDRIDGE**

Dear YANK:

I agree with your editorial called "The Army and the Legion" in a September issue. Because we are veterans doesn't mean we are entitled to a permanent hand-out after the war, but a veteran's organization that amounts to anything should encourage social and economic opportunities to make what we're fighting for mean something. The established veterans' organizations have never been noted for any kind of liberalism and I believe we veterans would be better off with an organization based on the principles you suggest.

Dutch Guiana —**Pfc. MAURICE GURLSO**

The Chuck Ducker

Dear YANK:

In a May issue of YANK I came across an article on the Washington ball club with the big picture of Earl Wynn. I know enough about baseball to know that Earl Wynn doesn't rate four paragraphs over the rest of the pitching staff. You certainly gave Wynn a good build-up for a chuck ducker who just manages to break even with the opposition.

New Guinea —**Cpl. GEORGE D. HEDQUIST**

■ For a chuck ducker, Early (not Earl) Wynn is doing all right. He has won 18 games and lost 11 so far this season. His latest was a three-hitter.

Dear YANK:

In a September issue of YANK your sports editor wrote that the North Carolina freshman football team defeated Duke in 1942. If you will look up the records you will find that Carolina did not wallop Duke. You see, I played for the Duke freshman that day and the final score is still vivid in my mind. The game was played on Nov. 12 and the score was 26 to 9. How about a correction?

Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. —**Pfc. I. A. HOLMES JR.**

■ Both Pfc. Holmes and our sports editor are wrong. Duke beat the Carolina freshmen all right, but the score was 27 to 9, not 26 to 9; and the date of the game was Oct. 16, not Nov. 12.

Fast Work

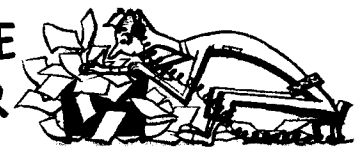
Dear YANK:

To counteract Axis rumors that Wacs and GIs don't get along, the gang at the Base Photo Lab., MacDill Field, Fla., gives documetary evidence. The picture shows Pfc. Anne Heliotis and Pfc. Henry Schloss rehearsing some darkroom technique. The photographer

is a pretty good guy, so we're sending his picture, too. By coincidence he happens to be Pfc. Henry Schloss.

MacDill Field, Fla. —**Pfc. HENRY SCHLOSS**

MESSAGE CENTER



R. O/C ROBERT REVEAL JR., once at Presque Isle., Me.: see *Message 1.** . . . Cpl. TONY RHEINSTROM, N. Africa: write Sgt. Glenwood F. Moon, 507th Fighter Bomb. Sq., 404th Fighter Bomb. Gp., Congaree AAF, Columbia, S. C. . . . Larry Ross of Detroit, Mich., now in Alaska, see *Message 2.***

S. Sgt. ANTHONY SCHIAVO, USMC, last heard from at the Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N. J.: see *Message 3.*† . . . Pvt. LARRY SCHIENHOLTZ, once at 22d Sta. Hosp., T. H.: write Pfc. Ben Cohen, 45th AB Sq., Baer Field, Fort Wayne, Ind. . . . Pfc. SAM SCHMERLER, once in 628 TSS, Truax Field, Wis.: write Pfc. Lewis Kreuzer, Hq. & Hq. Sq., AAFPGC, Eglin Field, Fla. . . . JACK SCHNEIDER, last heard from in Hawaii: write Pvt. Warren Sarge, Btry. A, 286th CA Bn. Ry., Fort John Custis Branch, Cape Charles, Va. . . . Pvt. SIMON SCHNEPPER of Brooklyn, N. Y., now in Australia: write Cpl. Martin Kaufman, Hq. Co. ETU, Camp Claiborne, La. . . . 2d Lt. HAROLD D. SLOAN, S. W. Pacific: write Sgt. Alfred Langdon, Co. 10, 2d Tng. Regt., IRTC, Camp Blanding, Fla. . . . MILLI E. SMITH, WAC, once at Sta. Hosp., Daytona Beach, Fla.: see *Message 3.*† . . . Lt. W. H. SNODDY, once at Student Officers' Det., Brooks Field, Tex.: see *Message 1.** . . . Pfc. SOL SPIELMAN of New York City, last heard from in Trinidad: write Pfc. Alfred Myers, AAFSD, State Fair Grounds, Springfield, Ill. . . . Pfc. ROBERT STARK of Richmond, Va., once at Fort Hamilton, N. Y.: write T/Sgt. Fred H. Burdeshaw, 402d Bomb. Sq., Davis-Monthan Field, Ariz. . . . Pfc. MILTON J. STOREY, Alaska: write T-5 Herbert A. Pepper, 2060 Ord. Co. Serv. (Avn.), AAFSAT, Orlando, Fla. . . . Pvt. NELSON (SPEED) STOVER of Peoria, Ill., once at Fort Custer, Mich.: write T/Sgt. Louis Zupan, c/o Toljian, 121 Martin St., Paterson, N. J. . . . S/Sgt. STAN SWINTON, last heard from in Chicago: write Pvt. Norman A. Schorr, Co. A, 304 Sig. Opn. Bn., Camp Swift, Tex.

T. Cp. DELVIN TEITJEN, once at Baer Field, Ind.: write Cpl. Paul Durbin, 411th Base Hq. & AB Sq., AAB Alliance, Nebr. . . . 1st Lt. WEBSTER J. TENNIES of West Bend, Wis., once at Camp A. P. Hill, Va.: write Cpl. Frank Buchholz, Co. RR-3, BIRTC, Camp Fannin, Tex. . . . Cpl. GEORGE T. TERRILL, in Hq. Co., 1st Ranger Bn. when last heard from: write Pvt. Joseph F. Kenny Jr., 1608, Ala 328, 500 Paulina St., Chicago, 12, Ill. . . . JAMES THOMAS of Detroit, Mich.: see *Message 2.*** . . . Pvt. PHIL TICOLI of Chicago, Ill., once in the 30th Inf., 3d Div., Co. M: write S/Sgt. L. Houlding, Post Operations, AAFTTC, Sioux Falls, S. Dak. . . . Pvt. HUMBERTO TREVINO of Van Nuys, Calif., once at the Metropolitan Air Port: write Pfc. Tony Valdez, 547th Bn., Btry. C, AAA, Camp Haan, Calif.

U. Pvt. WALTER F. URMAN, Hawaii: write Sgt. G. A. Christenson, Co. I, 383d Inf., Fort Lewis, Wash.

V. Pvt. NATHAN G. (BLONDIE) VANCE, once in Co. C, 83d Inf., Camp Roberts, Calif.: write Sgt. Jim Isaac, 16th AD Sq., Scott Field, Ill. . . . Cpl. ROBERT H. VENTRESS of New Orleans, La., once at Hickam Field, T. H.: write T/Sgt. DeVonde Clemence, Sq. 444, FAFRD, Hammer Field, Calif.

W. T-5 LEON WALL of the Bronx, N. Y.: write 2d Lt. Elias Rotker, Co. D, 36th Sig. Tng. Bn., 9th Regt., Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . Pfc. ROBERT BAIN WASHBURN of Stanford, Tex., once at Fort Clark, Tex.: write T/Sgt. Ben Patterson, Hq. Btry., 3d Bn., 14 CA, Fort Flagler, Wis. . . . GILBERT WASSERMAN of New York City: write Pfc. Ben Thorn, 908 Engr. AF Hq. Co., USA AD, Santa Rosa, Calif. . . . Pvt. RICHARD E. WEISMULLER, who was at the Basic Tng. Center, Atlantic City, N. J., November 1942: write Pfc. Joseph Stamp, Hq. 1st College Tng. Det., Berry College, Mount Berry, Ga. . . . Pvt. WILLIAM J. WILKINSON, once stationed in Texas and later shipped to the N. Atlantic: write Pfc. William G. Ague, 774th TSS, AAF, Lowry Field, Denver, Colo.

Z. Cpl. RAY ZAPP, once at Camp Croft, S. C.: write Pfc. Doug Garuder, 1839 Ord. S & M Co., 338 Serv. Gp., AAF Serv. Center, Leesburg, Fla. . . . 1st Sgt. JOSEPH F. ZILLMAN, once at 692d TD Bn., Camp Gordon, Ga.: write Sgt. Ben Schneider, Hq. Bks., 2d Army Hq., Memphis 15, Tenn.

**Message 1:* Write Clara A. Rountree, Wac Det., Sta. Comp., SU 1753, Camp Crowder.
***Message 2:* Write Richard G. Furs, 4 SCU, 4436, ASTP, Co. 8, The Citadel, Charleston, S. C.
†Message 3: Write Pvt. Martin Fliesler, Tng. ASF, Gp. 3, Flt. 14, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.

TRADING POST

Foreign Stamps. Pfc. E. R. Apida wants to exchange postage stamps with Yanks overseas. Value of stamp must not exceed 10 cents. In return he will send the equivalent in Australian stamps. Write him c/o YANK's *Trading Post.*

Shoulder Patches and Insignia. The following men want to swap shoulder patches and insignia: Pfc. A. W. Duoba, 399th CA, Btry. C, Fort Brady, Mich.; Pvt. Frank Chichy, 631 TD Bn., Hq. Co., Camp Shelby, Miss.; Cpl. Andrew C. Morris, Hq. Det., 5th Tk. Gp., Camp Claiborne, La.; Pfc. Angelo J. Filiberti, c/o YANK's *Trading Post;* S/Sgt. W. F. Powell, Hq. Btry., 3d Bn., 53d CA, Fort Screven, Ga.; Cpl. Kenneth V. Kreps, G-4, 20th AD, Camp Campbell, Ky.; Pfc. Gabriel Sipos, Supply Det. No. 1, Camp Gordon, Ga.; Cpl. Charles Patitucci, Serv. Btry. 914 FA Bn., Camp Carson, Colo.; Pvt. Earl E. Almond, Hq. Co. 1st Bn. 111th Inf., Camp Somerset, Md.; F/O Ivan L. Newton, GCTC, Flt. 30, Bowman Field, Ky.; Pvt. A. W. Leslie, (AA) CAC, Sta. Hosp. Fort Snelling, Minn.

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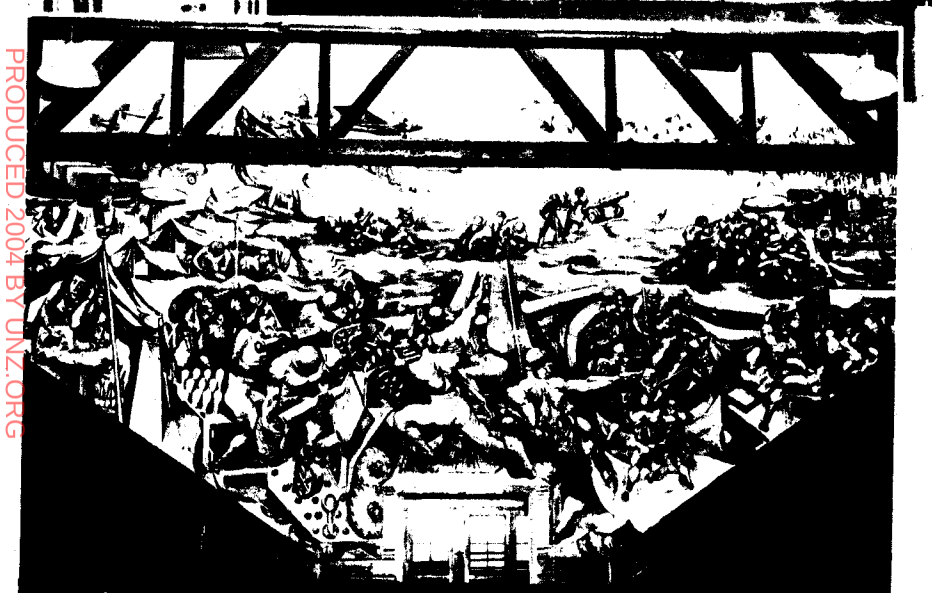
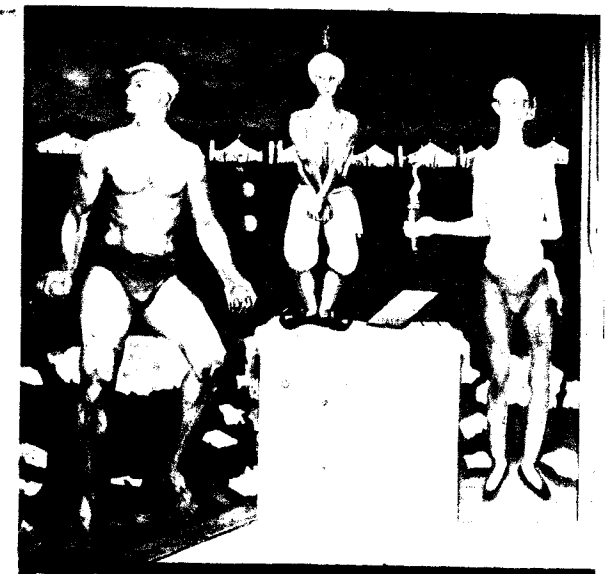


Cpl. Harlan Wong's mural in Service Club One, at Camp Bowie, Tex.

YANK MURAL CONTEST WINNER

THE painting above of American soldiers in a foreign campaign won the first prize, a $25 War Bond, in YANK's recent competition for GI murals. Covering a 37-by-seven-foot wall in the cafeteria of Service Club Number Four at Camp Bowie, Tex., it is the work of Pvt. Sydney P. Knowlton of Jamestown, N. Y., who is stationed there with the 1853d SCU. Pvt. Knowlton studied art at the Rhode Island School of Design and has had his paintings exhibited at the New York World's Fair and the National Gallery of Arts in Washington. The judges of the murals, YANK's managing editor, art director and Mr. James Sobey, director of the Museum of Modern Art's armed-forces program, selected five other muralists, whose work is shown here, for honorable mention in the contest



By Pfc. William J. Brice, Gardner Field, Calif.

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THE POETS CORNERED

RETURN TO BATAAN

They dream now, in that peace the valiant gain,
And there is no more weariness or pain
Or fury or despair. They heard you say
You would be back again; God will it soon
That you shall walk the old accustomed way
You knew so well, beneath the tropic moon
When the lights glitter down the beaches far
And the soft voices of the tides complain
Against the sands that once were gulched by war
And know death's footprints; you will walk alone:
Remembering. They shall hear you pass that night,
And many a sleep will in that hour break,
Many a whisper from eternity
Shall flow through all Bataan that you are there.
They shall be proud that night, and everywhere
Around you there will be
A voiceless paean of the proud dead young
As full of triumph as was ever sung.

Fort Jackson, S. C. —Cpl. EDWARD A. MARTIN

GI DAYDREAM

I sat upon a lonely knoll and looked up at the sky,
Where shapes of clouds took on the forms of those who never die:
There fierce-eyed Zarathustra stalked, and yonder was his cave,
And all the gods of Homer walked with Wagner's mighty brave.
While high on fancied Pyrenees stood Roland calm and sure,
With trumpet and brave Oliver to meet the treacherous Moor.
But I ask you to envisage my displeasure if you can
When I saw midst all those faces my drill sergeant's saintly pan.

AAB, Sioux Falls, S. D. —Pfc. BERNARD KAPLAN

LIMERICK

There was once a GI in New Guinea
Whose cash never totaled a puinea;
For if some of the same
He would take to a game
He always came out without uinea.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH

NOISE

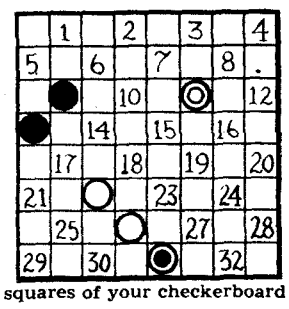
I can take the quake
That dive bombers make
When they blast the earth to hell;
I can steady my ear
To the sounds others fear
Of torpedo and mine and of shell;
I never lose poise
At the loudest of noise
That's thrown at a soldier in war;
But I'm driven insane
By that frightening strain
When a barrack mate starts in to snore.

AAB, Charleston, S. C. —Cpl. CARL FENICHEL

CHECKER STRATEGY

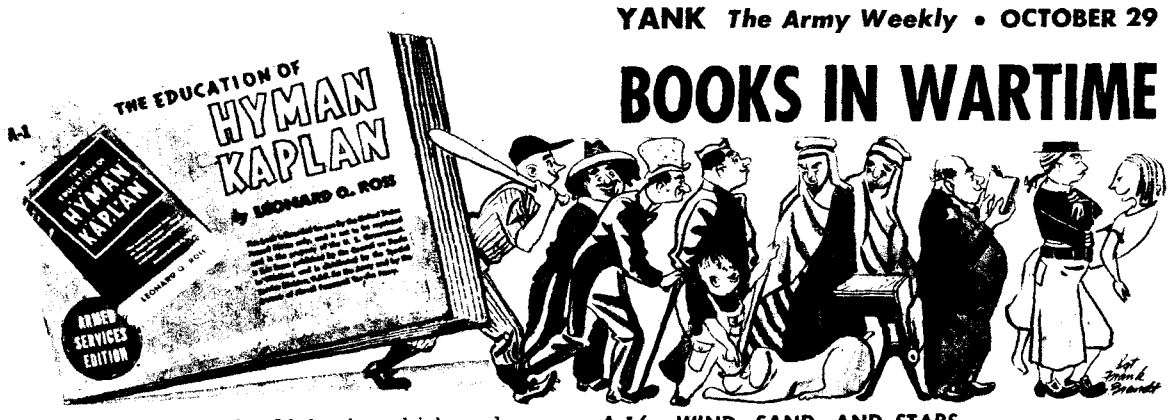
PROBLEM: White to move and draw. White's difficulty lies in the vulnerability of his pieces on squares 22 and 26. Black threatens to win the game by crowning the checker now on square 9 behind the White forces, thus tying up the whole works. But White can force a draw immediately if he knows his stuff. Look 'em over, and see if you can pick the right moves.

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.



THE girl on the opposite page has been moving around so much it's surprising that the photographer Hurrell was able to catch her at a restful moment like this. Bettye Avery came from Tulsa, Okla. (where she was Miss Tulsa in 1939), to New York to become a Conover Cover Girl, then sped west to tackle the movie studios. If she can act the way she can look, Hollywood will be putting a halt to her travels.

BOOKS IN WARTIME



LISTED below are the 30 books which make up the first monthly series of the Armed Services Editions, published for members of the armed forces by the Council of Books in Wartime, a nonprofit organization of trade publishers, booksellers and librarians. Plans call for the distribution of 20 million of these books during the next 12 months at the rate of a million and a half a month. There will be 30 different titles every month, printed in minimum lots of 50,000 each.

The Armed Services Editions are distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF, for the Army, and by the Bureau of Naval Personnel for the Navy. They are intended primarily for men overseas, although some copies will be sent to military hospitals, staging areas and isolated posts in the states.

The books are paper bound, easy to read, about one-fifth the size of a normal book and can fit into any uniform pocket. They are distributed to units in packages containing copies of each title published in a given month, with the idea that GIs can then swap the different titles among themselves.

A-1 THE EDUCATION OF H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N* *By Leonard Q. Ross*
Hyman Kaplan's adventures in the English language at Mr. Parkhill's class in the American Night Preparatory School for Adults in New York. Funny as hell.

A-2 REPORT FROM TOKYO *By Joseph C. Grew*
Our former ambassador to Tokyo gives the inside dope on Japan and explains why the present Jap ruling class must be wiped out to insure a lasting peace.

A-3 GOOD INTENTIONS *By Ogden Nash*
A collection of 128 poems about subjects ranging from Simon Agonistes to Your Neighbor's Dog by the one and only Ogden Nash.

A-4 MAMA'S BANK ACCOUNT *By Kathryn Forbes*
Good-humored account of how a Norwegian family living in San Francisco tries to get the hang of American ways.

A-5 THERE GO THE SHIPS *By Robert Carse*
Dramatic story of a U. S. Merchant Marine ship on a convoy from an east-coast port to Murmansk.

A-6 SOPHIE HALENCZIK *By Rose C. Feld*
The story of a little Czech lady who hires out in a Connecticut town and teaches some Americans how to be Americans.

A-7 MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR *By Theodore Pratt*
Trials and tribulations of a 44-year-old Private Hargrove.

A-8 OLIVER TWIST *By Charles Dickens*
A good chance to get acquainted again with Oliver, Fagan, the Artful Dodger, Bill Sykes and Nancy.

A-9 TORTILLA FLAT *By John Steinbeck*
Lusty, poetic, and sacrilegious tales of the paisanos of Monterey, Calif., by one of America's top writers.

A-10 WORLD SERIES *By John R. Tunis*
Play-by-play descriptions of high spots in seven World Series games between the Dodgers and the Indians.

A-11 MY WORLD AND WELCOME TO IT *By James Thurber*
Collection of short stories written on the sophisticated side.

A-12 PEACE MARSHAL *By Frank Gruber*
Historical romance of the pioneer days of the Wild West.

A-13 HEATHEN DAYS *By H. L. Mencken*
H. L. Mencken reminisces about the Scopes Trial and other high lights in his 40 years of public life.

A-14 THE SHIP *By C. H. Forester*
Exciting sea battle story of the early days of the war, starring the H.M.S. *Artemis*, a 5,000-ton light cruiser of the British Navy.

A-15 THE HUMAN COMEDY *By William Saroyan*
Sketches of an American family in wartime, full of hope, death, pity and love.

A-16 WIND, SAND, AND STARS *By Antoine de Saint Exupery*
A French aviator tells about his flying experiences before the war.

A-17 THE MAKING OF MODERN BRITAIN *By John Bartlett and Allan Nevins*
An interpretive history of Great Britain from prehistoric days to the present free British Commonwealth of Nations.

A-18 THE ARABS *By Philip K. Hitti*
A must for GIs interested in learning the history of the Arabs. Makes fascinating reading.

A-19 THE UNVANQUISHED *By Howard Fast*
Historical novel of the American Revolution from the early tragic days to the final victory at Yorktown.

A-20 MIRACLES OF MODERN MEDICINE *By Albert Q. Maisel*
Story of the new forms of medical treatment introduced by the Medical Corps in this war.

A-21 A TIME FOR GREATNESS *By Herbert Agar*
A discussion of the vital problems Americans must face if they would hope to attain not only victory but a just and lasting peace.

A-22 THE MINISTRY OF FEAR *By Graham Greene*
A brilliantly written mystery novel about a murderer who isn't a murderer and a Nazi spy ring in wartime London. Sure to scare you to death.

A-23 HAPPY LANDINGS *Edited by Herzberg, Paine, and Works*
An anthology of experiences of American flyers in this war.

A-24 TYPEE *By Herman Melville*
Famous romance of the old South Seas in which two sailors land on an island, get mixed up in exciting adventures and fall in love with girls more beautiful than Dorothy Lamour.

A-25 GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER *By Rackham Holt*
Biography of the greatest of American Negro scientists.

A-26 LORD JIM *By Joseph Conrad*
Joseph Conrad's classic study of a guy who went yellow and then tried to redeem his honor.

A-27 STORM OVER THE LAND *By Carl Sandburg*
A brilliant profile of the four tragic years of the Civil War, taken from the author's "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years."

A-28 ACTION AT AQUILA *By Hervey Allen*
The author of "Anthony Adverse" writes a historical romance of the Civil War.

A-29 REPRISAL *By Ethel Vance*
A French patriot kills a Nazi in occupied France and the Nazis try to find the killer. Exciting stuff.

A-30 THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF DOG STORIES *Edited by Jack Goodman*
All kinds of stories about dogs—gay, sad, philosophical, and shamelessly sentimental.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you are a YANK subscriber, and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK ORDER NO.

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

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OST CHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip, that will inspire a more creative mood.

"Who's going to volunteer for this detail?"

—Pfc. Henry S. Syverson, Buckley Field, Colo.

Higher Mathematics

SGT. Ichabod O'H. Plother, E-17-6, Fort Bragg, N. C., dropped his newspaper on the latrine floor and stared glassily. Finally in dramatic tones he addressed the orderly: "Do you know what it means?"

"Do I know what what means?" asked the basin burnisher.

"This," said Sgt. Plother, kicking at the saturated newsprint. "It says here the war may last for another 9 years, and the estimate is made by a person in authority."

The orderly looked like something you leave on your plate. Plother, pleased with the effect, went on: "It means that with my present routine of three trips a week, I shall visit Fayetteville 1,414 times, spending a total of 1,414 hours or 58 days on the bus, at a cost of $561.60. I may even get a seat, one of these years. But I fear I shall never remember to buy a book of tickets.

"Of Coca-Cola, at my present ration of two bottles a day, I shall consume 821 gallons, costing $328.50. I shall pay out $492.75 for 65,700 cigarettes, at a pack a day. And it is usual, in this respect, to note that these cigarettes, if laid end to end, would reach from Center Headquarters to the 1st Regiment and back again.

"Furthermore, I shall enjoy an aggregate of 6 months' furlough, in addition to 702 days or nearly two years of week-end freedom, at the rate of 1½ per week. I shall see 936 movies at two a week, and draw $8,424 in pay.

"Now you, my mop-faced friend, have prospects equally magnificent. As a battery-duty man you pull 6 consecutive days of KP once every 3 weeks. Thus, you may expect to spend 936 days in the kitchen. You will clean many large, black pans, and I leave it to you to reckon the number of potatoes you will peel and tables you will swab. As latrine attendant one-third of the time you shall meet me here not less than 936 times under similar circumstances."

Sgt. Plother paused to resume scraping his chin. He failed to notice that the orderly was doing some rapid mathematics of his own. As Plother turned to continue his conversation, the orderly broke in: "What you say may be true, sergeant. But there's one item you omitted. Since there are five washbasins in this room, I shall have to clean them out 4,680 times, so if you'll kindly get the hell out of here, I could cut that down to 4,679."

Fort Bragg, N. C. —Sgt. RICHARD B. STONE

ODE TO A PFC

I've come to the point where I don't care
  whether this global war will keep or not.
I'm sick and tired of listening to people plot
About such items as what will happen to me
  if I do such and such,
And where I'll wind up if I do much of such.
I'm tired of asking people throughout the day
  if it's okay for me to go here or there
Or take a 10-minute break. This asking gets in
  my hair.
I wouldn't dare to rebel because to rebel at a
  time like this would be mutiny, they say.
Besides, I haven't been in a rebelling mood since
  yesterday.
Oh, but there'll be a time when I'll do the telling
  off; just wait and see.
On the 15th of the month I get my pfc.

Fort Knox, Ky. —T/Sgt. MICHAEL J. GEARY

SQUATRAIN

The brass hat sits in a swivel chair,
The lowly private marches;
The brass hat will get falling hair,
The private—falling arches.

AAFNS, Hondo, Tex. A/C JAY MANN

I Could've Been a Lieutenant Colonel

IN the spring of '42, when my friends and neighbors began breathing hot on my neck, I wrote a hasty letter to Washington. It was a mistake, of course. But back in those days we were all making mistakes.

"Why don't you try to get into the Psychological Research Unit," urged an eager recruiting sergeant when I first made cautious inquiries. "Comes under the Medical Department. Drop them a line." I did, and in due time came an answer, mimeographed:

"Dear Dr. Duncan," it began, "we are in receipt of your application for commission as second lieutenant in the Medical Corps. Please fill out the enclosed forms regarding your medical training and return them to us at once."

"I'm not a doctor," I wrote back. "I only want to find out if I can enlist as a private in the Psychological Research Unit." Later I got a letter asking me to hurry up with those forms so my commission could be prepared.

Finally, after a lot of sweating, I got the thing straightened out. Yet to this day the picture of myself as a medical second lieutenant keeps haunting me. I can see myself in line at the commission window on the post where I have been ordered.

"But I'm not a doctor," I try to explain to the pfc. who is handing out the commissions.

"Listen, Doc, don't tell me your troubles. I didn't ask for this job, either. I put in for the paratroops—."

"C'mon, c'mon," growls a doctor back of me in the line, "let's get those commissions handed out so we can all go to lunch."

To avoid a scene, I take my commission and report to the colonel who is in charge for duty. "I'm not a doctor, sir," I begin.

"Young man, it's a serious offense for a doctor to impersonate a layman. Let's have no more of this kind of talk. Now move on and draw blood from these selectees. Don't be gentle with them, you're not in private practice any more."

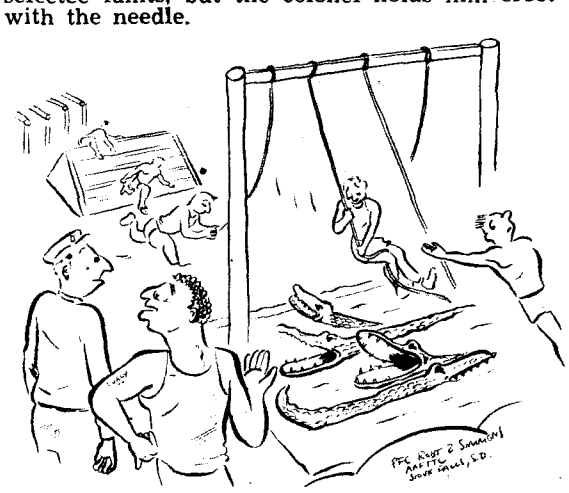
"Jab!" he cries after watching me fumble with the needle. "Jab first and then wiggle it around if you like." He takes the needle and jabs it. The selectee faints, but the colonel holds him erect with the needle.

"Just be sure you hit the arm, that's all. Shavetail here last week missed and cracked a man's rib. We got rid of that bungler in a hurry—shipped him off to brain surgery."

Many months pass. I am now a lieutenant colonel, beginning to gray a little at the temples, and I'm still drawing blood from selectees. By this time I am considered one of the best men in the field, with an inspiring future ahead of me. My wife and my beautiful daughter, who is the toast of all the internes, live with me at our comfortable little estate outside the post limits.

That was my army medical career as it might have been. Actually I did finally enlist in the Psychological Research Unit. For about six weeks I delivered messages on a bicycle for the GI psychologists. After that they had me transferred to the base salvage detail.

Camp Davis, N. C. —Sgt. RAY DUNCAN



"We find that it spurs them on."

—Pfc. Robert Z. Simmons, AAFTTC, Sioux Falls, S. D.

WHEN I JOINED THE ARMY

Oh, when I joined the Army
I dreamed of silver bars,
Of oak leaves and spread eagles
And even, sometimes, stars.
I dreamed of quelling majors
With a single GI look:
I've a permanent commission—
As assistant to the cook.

Oh, when I joined the Army
I took the Army test
To find out where the Army
Could use my talents best.
I finished all the questions
Before the rest began;
My IQ was 1,000—
I'm an outside garbage man.

Oh, when I joined the Army
I bucked for zebra stripes.
I modeled my deportment
On the better Army types.
My mess kits shone like mirrors
I kept my rifle clean:
I've just got a promotion—
I'm an orderly (latrine).

Fort Bragg, N. C. —Pvt. ALAN KEITH-LUCAS

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY. The only move to draw for White is 22 to 17! Then Black will jump 31 to 22. (If 13 to 22, then 26 to 17 is a cinch draw.)

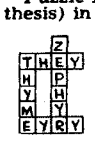
White moves 11 to 15. Now Black had better watch out; if he moves his king, White wins by 17 to 14. Black must return the piece right away by 9 to 14, and the game is drawn.

To prove that only 22 to 17 as the first move can draw for White, we'll show you how 11 to 15 loses. Like this:

White moves 11 to 15. Black moves 9 to 14. Then 15 to 19; 14 to 17; 19 to 23; 17 to 21; 23 to 19; 21 to 25; 26 to 23; 25 to 30; 22 to 18; 30 to 26; 18 to 14; 31 to 27; 23 to 18; 27 to 23; 19 to 15; 26 to 22, and Black wins.

TEE-TOTAL WINNERS

Puzzle Kits are going to these winners (scores in parenthesis) in the Sept. 10 Tee-Total contest: T/Cpl. K. B. Rousseau, Fort Jackson, S. C. (267); Cpl. Paul Bassette, Camp Grant, Ill. (255); S/Sgt. Lonnie Long, Fort Sill, Okla. (253), and T/Sgt. Gene Montenare, San Francisco (251). Rousseau's winning solution is shown here. Second-time winners who also scored in this contest are Pfc. Walter G. Nuessle, ASTP, U. of Minnesota (260) and T-4 Milton Gluck, Fort Jay, N. Y. (251).



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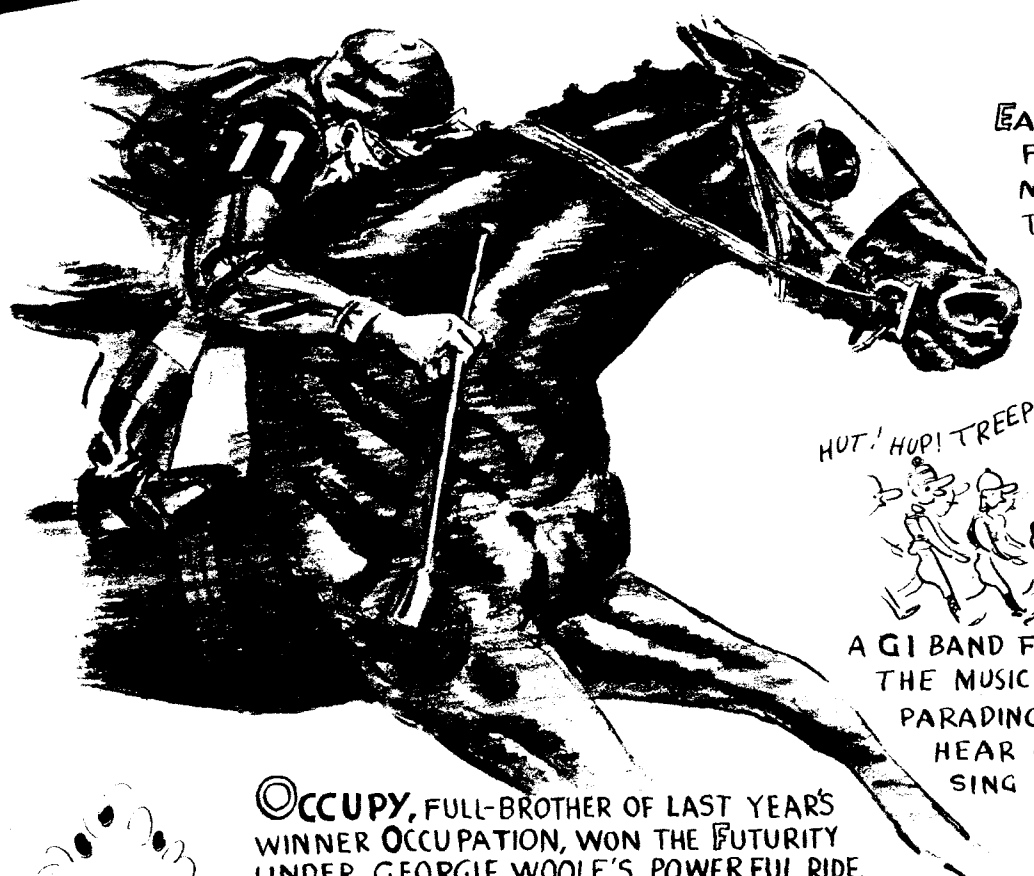
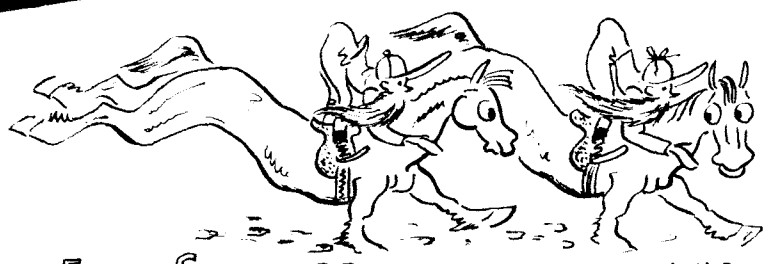
SPORTS: FUTURITY DAY, BELMONT, 1943 UNCLE SAM THE BIG WINNER

By Sgt. BILL FRAZER



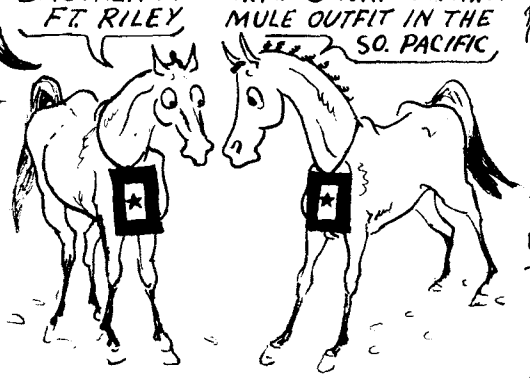


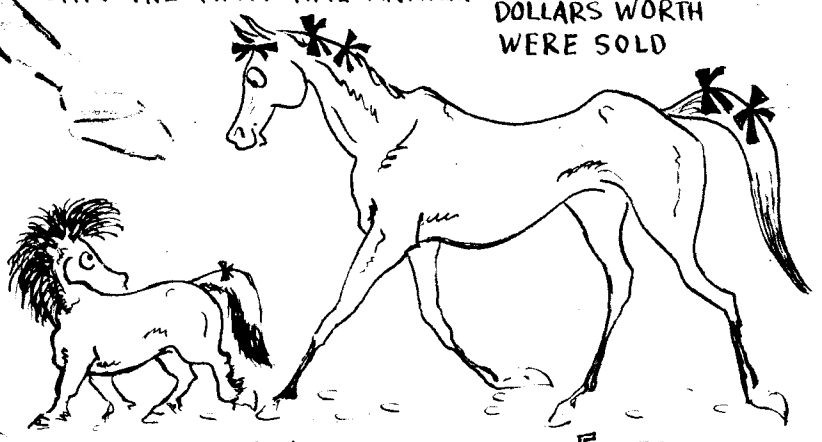
EARLE SANDE BEAT THE FAST FINISHING FRANK KEOGH IN AN "OLD-TIME JOCKEY" RACE MOUNTED ON STABLE PONIES, THEY PLOUGHED THRU THE MUD TO A ROUSING FINISH

A GI BAND FROM FORT JAY PROVIDED THE MUSIC, BUT THE JOCKS DID THE PARADING WHEN THEY CAME OUT TO HEAR GLADYS SWARTHOUT SING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

THE THIRD WAR LOAN WAS THE BIG WINNER ON "BACK THE ATTACK DAY" ADMISSION WAS BY WAR BOND PURCHASE ONLY. TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS WORTH WERE SOLD

OCCUPY, FULL-BROTHER OF LAST YEAR'S WINNER OCCUPATION, WON THE FUTURITY UNDER GEORGIE WOOLF'S POWERFUL RIDE. HE PAID $22.20 WHEN HE LEFT PENSIVE, THE HEAVY FAVORITE, UP THE TRACK





THE HIT OF THE SHOW WAS 28 YEAR OLD EXTERMINATOR. HE AND HIS PAL PEANUTS, A PONY, CAME DOWN THE TRACK TO GET A GREAT ROUND OF APPLAUSE. "OLD BONES" IS AMERICAS GREATEST CUP HORSE HAVING WON 50 OF HIS 100 STARTS OVER ALL KINDS OF TRACKS

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Phil Rizzuto (left), ex-Yankee shortstop, and Terry Moore, former Cardinal captain, sat this World Series out as interested spectators. Moore came up from the Caribbean and Rizzuto from Norfolk.

Just because Notre Dame murdered Georgia Tech (55-13) and Pittsburgh (41-0), don't go too strong on the Irish to beat either Army or Great Lakes later on this season. The Irish must replace **Angelo Bertelli**, the slim passing wizard, who reports to Parris Island, S. C., right after the Navy game. Against Georgia Tech, Bertelli merely completed six of seven passes, three good for scores, and booted six of ND's seven successful placements. . . . Despite its early loss to Purdue, Great Lakes figures to be one of the hottest propositions in the Middle West. The addition of **Steve Lach**, Duke's All-American, didn't hurt a bit. In GL's 40-0 rout of Pittsburgh, Lach ripped off two touchdowns, one a 13-yard dash and the other a 65-yard scoring sprint. . . . Michigan's thunderous **Bill Daley** will be everybody's All-American this year. You can bet on that. The former Minnesota ace lugged the ball 26 times against Northwestern for a total of 213 yards, or better than eight yards a stab. In addition, he broke away on two spectacular touchdown jags of 37 and 64 yards which gave the hard-pressed Michigans a 21-7 victory.

The real tip-off on the strength of Army's seemingly invincible football team comes from Coach **Red Blaik** himself. Talking about his amazing plebe fullback, **Glenn Davis**, who has been filling in for the injured **Doug Kenna**, Blaik says, "Good as Davis is, he isn't in the same class with Kenna." With Davis in the saddle, the Cadets actually T-mollished Villanova, 27-0, and Colgate, 42 to 0. What's going to happen when this Kenna starts stretching his legs? . . . If you're interested in such things, the **Sgt. Joe Louis** boxing troupe appeared before 150,000 GIs in the first four weeks of the tour. . . . Maybe it was just as well that the War Department called off the baseball tour of the South Pacific. The guys in Africa were getting sore because the big leaguers weren't coming their way. . . . London reports that **Lt. Don Scott**, one of Ohio State's greatest breakaway runners, was killed in a bomber crash over England.

A few weeks ago, **Sgt. Joe DiMaggio** boarded a trolley in San Francisco and dropped five pennies in the coin box. Just as the coins fluttered down the slot, Joe yelled: "There goes my home-run penny!—a 1905 Indian head. Get it out!" The conductor, a girl, Mary Griffin, explained that the coin box was locked and that it would be impossible to retrieve the penny. Joe then carried his appeal directly to the officials of the trolley line. Three days later a weary official looked up from the mountain of pennies and presented Joe with his home-run charm. . . . The Army-Navy football game will be another one of those semi-private affairs. This time at West Point. When German prisoners of war at a Canadian camp put on a track meet among themselves, they invited their Canadian guards to take part. The guards accepted and won every first place in the meet.

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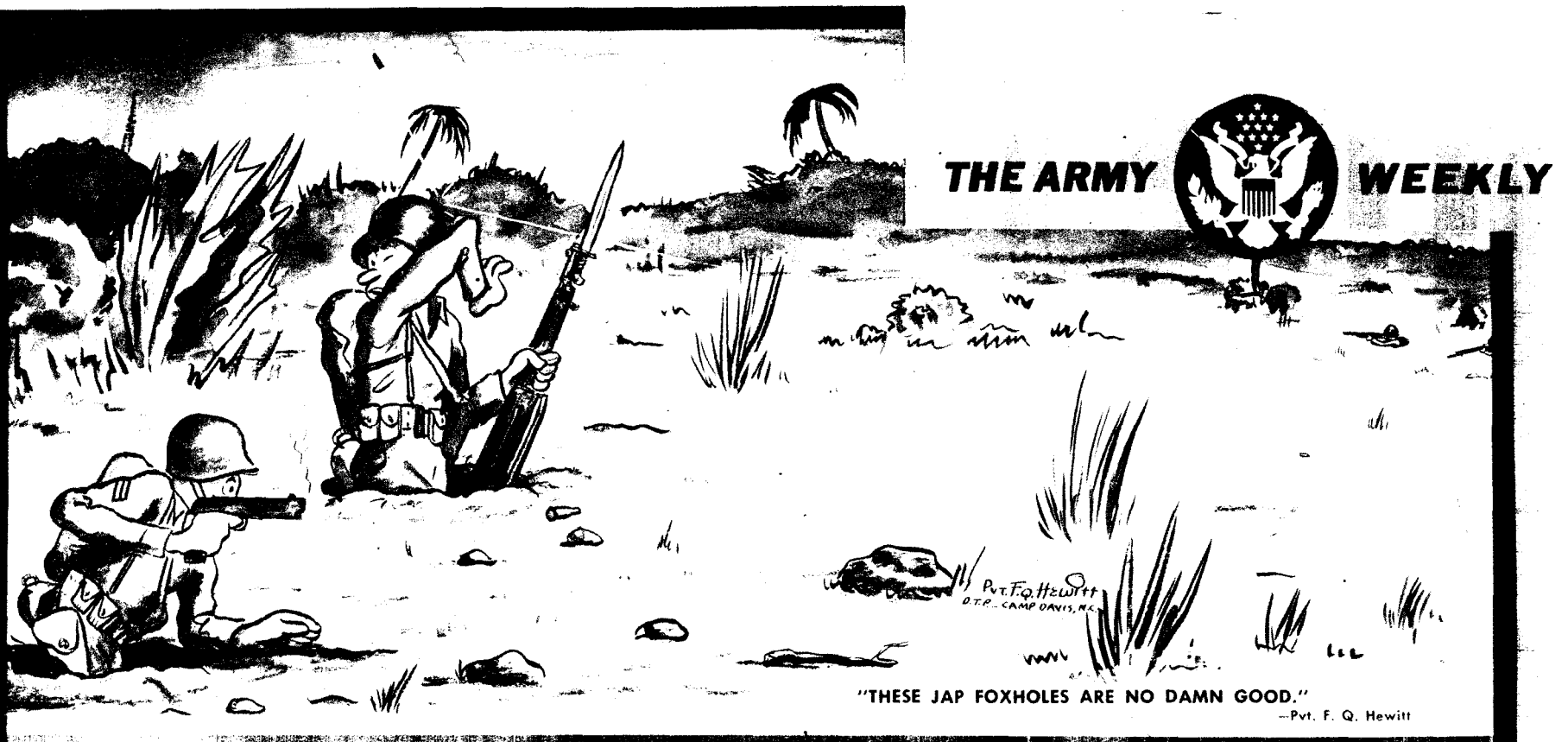
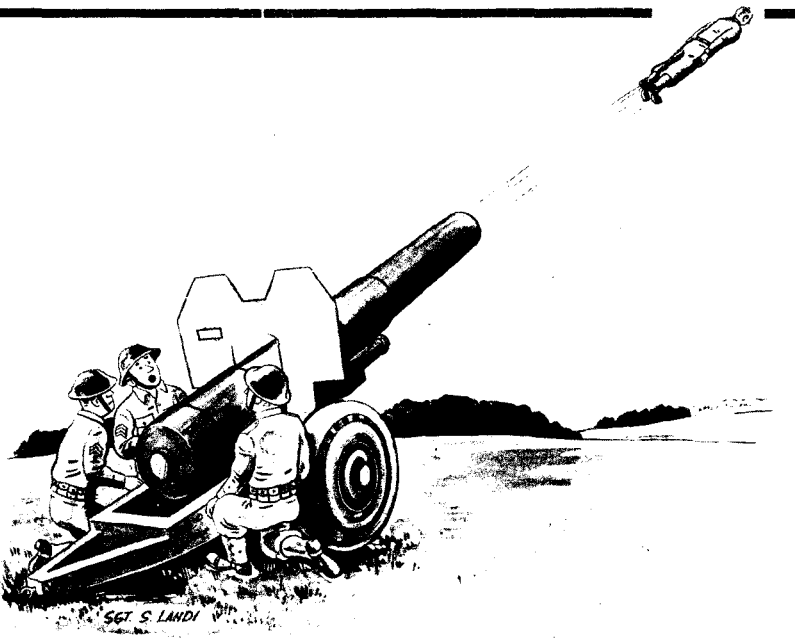


"THESE JAP FOXHOLES ARE NO DAMN GOOD."
—Pvt. F. Q. Hewitt

"I THINK THE M1 WILL DO FOR THAT SHOT."
—Sgt. Roger Cowan

"I TOLD HIM TO RUN THROUGH THE INSTRUCTIONS."
-Sgt. John Swaynie



"WHERE'S BORGSTEDT?"
—Sgt. Sidney Landi

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